MASSACHUSETTS PLOUGHMAN

DEVOTED TO AGRICULTURE, HORTICULTURE, THE FARM, THE GARDEN, THE FIRESIDE, RURAL LIFE, LITERATURE, USEFUL ARTS, NEWS, &c.

AND NEW ENGLAND AGRICULTURE.

JOURNAL OF

VOLUME XXXIX.—NO. 13. BOSTON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1879. WHOLE NUMBER 1981.

MASSACHUSETTS PLOUGHMAN AND NEW ENGLAND JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

Published as the organ of the N. E. Agricultural Society

ISSUED WEEKLY AT "PLOUGHMAN BUILDING," No. 52 Milk Street, (cor. Devonshire St., opposite the New Post Office,) BOSTON.

GEO. JOYES, Proprietor & Publisher.

TERMS—$2.50 per annum in advance. $3.00 if not paid in advance. Single copies SIX CENTS.

☞ No paper discontinued except at the option of the publisher, until all arrearages are paid.

☞ The PLOUGHMAN offers great advantages to advertisers. Its circulation is large and among the most active and intelligent portion of the community.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.—One square, of eight lines, one insertion, $1.00, each subsequent insertion, 50 cts.

NEWSPAPER DECISIONS.

1. Any person orders his paper discontinued, he must pay all arrearages, or the publisher may continue to send and collect payments be made, and collect the whole amount, whether it is taken from the office or not.

2. According to law, papers may be forwarded until a discontinue order is received; and whether taken by the subscriber or not from the office where they are deposited, he is accountable for the same until he orders a discontinuance and pays what is due.

☞ Postage on the PLOUGHMAN is 20 cents a year within the United States.

Editorial.

THE WHEAT QUESTION.

What American politics may not be able to do eventually for those of Europe, American wheat may be able to do for European industry and society and business. For the past year or more we have been witnessing the remarkable influence of the wheat supplies of the United States on the general interests of England, and particularly on her great farming interests. It has at length become so positive and marked as to call public men like Beaconsfield and Gladstone out into the open discussion of the problem. When they thought they were beyond the reach of our ideas of government in the Old World, they suddenly find themselves unable to do without our bread. Thus it is that, in one way or another, America is continually entering into the future life of Europe, to change it and to be changed by it in turn.

In his speech at West Calder, Mr. Gladstone gave his practical assent to the previous speech of Lord Beaconsfield at Aylesbury. They both agreed on this one point, that the British farmer has got to confront the problem which American competition in farm products proposes, and has likewise got to face the consequences, whatever they may be. We made particular reference to the speech of Beaconsfield at the time it was delivered, and attempted to show the baselessness of his statements and the absurdity of his assumptions. He got both his facts and figures wrong, and where they were not wrong they were dreadfully awry. He undertook to demonstrate to the British farmer that by the American wheat-grower was chiefly meant the Canadian wheat-grower, who, he claimed, would soon be able to drive his United States wheat-producing neighbor out of the market and into bankruptcy. But even in that case, the British farmer would be able to extract little comfort from the statement; it would make but little difference to him whether it were a farmer of Canada or a farmer of the United States who spoils his market for him, and forces him to think seriously of emigration himself.

But Mr. Gladstone's speech contained no greeting that was any sounder or more sensible in regard to the competition of the farmers of the United States with those of Great Britain. He tells the latter that the year 1879 has been an exceptionally advantageous one to the agriculture of America, hoping to encourage his hearers with the hope that by another year or so the tables will be turned. Very true, the year just ending has been one of an exceptional character for this country in its agricultural aspect; and it is likewise true, as well as a fact not to be left out of the account, that, while our harvests have been so overwhelmingly abundant, those of the chief countries of Europe have been short, and in England wretchedly so. Not only that, but England has been a sufferer from short crops for several years in succession,—five or six. Nevertheless, it becomes a statesman of Mr. Gladstone's stamp to consider that we are very rapidly pushing our agricultural enterprise up into the productive region of the Northwest and increasing our acreage of wheat every year.

The prophesy, therefore, of immediate short harvests for us is not well founded. With our wheat territory stretching across so many lines of latitude, it is scarcely to be believed that drouth or infesting insect can cut off so much of the maturing crop as to lessen the result of the supply. For years to come, it is more reasonable to expect increasing wheat crops from this country than diminishing ones. And if there were the slightest cause of apprehension in this quarter of the world, there is, in addition to this great wheat-belt of the Northwest, the supply which is derived, and is to be still more largely derived, from the colonies of Australia, on which the British markets can rely with as much certainty as on our own. So that, setting Canada and India aside altogether, the outlook is not a whit better for the British farmer than before, who must make up his mind to change his crops and methods of cultivation to suit the radical change in his circumstances. No partial failures of the wheat harvest in America is likely to bring the blessing to the British farmer which Mr. Gladstone so enticingly holds out.

The day has gone by when the British farmer can reasonably expect to compete with the American farmer in the production of wheat for the supply of the English market. Land is too high-priced in England, and the cost of working it is too great, to encourage him in the hope of success in such competition. As we have already remarked, he will have to change his style and purpose of farming, putting his labor and money into branches which will insure him better remuneration. The land question lies under the whole question in England; but the British farmer, when he is told that the agricultural income of France increases at the rate of three per cent. a year while that of England gains but half of one per cent. yearly, does not stop to consider the contrast in the mode of the French peasant's living and of his own. The English cultivator, it is not too much to say, could not be prevailed on to take up with the mode of life with which the French peasant is wholly contented. It is only at intervals that the latter indulges in a piece of meat, subsisting ordinarily on soup and sour wine, which we should call cider, and on black bread such as is common on the Continent. As for home comforts and even luxuries, which the English farmer will have, he goes without them and never thinks of complaining of the loss.

And in such a case, while the French acre of wheat produces less than the English acre, it is not called on to support so many persons nor in so generous a manner. Economy is brought down to its lowest terms in France. And then again, the problem of peasant proprietorship has already been tried in England, on a single tract which has been devoted to it for generations; but no such result has followed as to warrant the conclusion that small holdings of land are the certain remedy for the acknowledged evils of large estates. The trouble now is one that cannot be removed as an ordinary obstruction may be removed; it is radical and fundamental, the result of changes in the conditions of industry and of the societies which cluster about it for their support. The English farmer will soon see that he must either change his branches of farming or emigrate.

It is for this sufficient reason that we expect to see, as the only satisfactory answer to the Wheat Question, large emigrations of the British farming population to the colonies and to this country. It is the Wheat Question, then, that will be powerful enough to set currents in population in active motion, streaming forth westward from Great Britain, and doing the work on British politics, British society, and British institutions which our merely silent political example could hardly do in another century. A series of superior harvests at home may assist to put off the event for a time, but it is plain enough to see that the tide has set, and that it will lift up millions of the toilers of the earth to the level of independent and self-respecting land-owners and citizens.

BURBANK SEEDLING POTATO.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

Seeing an article in the *Ploughman* of Dec. 6th, relating to the Burbank Seedling Potato I cannot pass it by without relating my experience the past two seasons. In the spring of 1878 I purchased at Marblehead one-half bushel (30 pounds). I tried a few on the table and planted about twenty-seven pounds. In the fall I harvested thirty-five bushels. This last spring I planted five pecks (75 pounds) and have dug ninety-five bushels. I manured with barn manure, and put only one eye in a hill. For the table they cannot be surpassed, and I think in yield they must rank the very first, nearly all being marketable.

Respectfully yours, G. H. W.

Boylston Centre, Dec. 9, 1879.

REPLY TO "YOUNG FARMER."

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

In reply to "Young Farmer," would say that the young farmer must be adapted to the farm, whether in Kansas or New England. You will meet with farmers in all parts of the country, and all will say that here is the place to get rich or a good living. Now I am about to say that any man with a small capital, who has got the work or ability to produce and dispose of when produced, can get a good comfortable living in this country; and my reasons are that the farms are at a low price, and all kinds of produce brings a fair price, as good a price as in Boston. I think there is no necessity of spending any money for manure, for the reasons that the sea-shore is at liberty to any one that wants to collect kelp or seaweed. It is free to all, and all that is wanting is labor. It makes some difference where a man is located, whether by the sea-shore or inland, about making manure, and I think the farmers must think of the manure pile first and last, and all the time, to improve the land and to be sure of a crop in New England, and this is the place where I contend that the industrious farmer can collect with his labor at times that he cannot do much besides to look after the stock. I am writing for the small snug farmer, although no trouble about doing a large business. But please not lose sight of what I said, that you must be adapted to the business. There are plenty of farmers in this country that don't know how to employ their own time, and they are not what I call farmers. Now the price of farms. They are quite plenty, and at a moderate price. I think one thousand dollars will put a man on his feet; what I think would remain altogether with him whether he made a living. I am a farmer, have been all my life, and enjoy it; and from all the information I can learn, it is not all sunshine in Kansas. I fail to see the advantage of putting such expensive buildings on so poor tracts of land, and I think the trouble lays there, whether and where the farm is located. There are some farms here that I would not advise any one to purchase, but I am in favor of the sea-shore, as we have a great many advantages over inland farms.

Nantucket, Mass. R. E. B.

☞ A London, Ont., dispatch says a disease known as black tongue, but which is perhaps a violent form of diphtheria, has appeared there among cattle, and has baffled medical skill. The symptoms are at first a severe pain in the stomach, gradually ascending to the throat, accompanied by vomiting before death, which is attended with great agony. The tongue assumes a black color.

☞ A balky driver makes a balky horse. In breaking in colts, the trainer should never lose his temper. A firm hand and gentle manner will bring any colt however spirited it may be into subservience to the driver. The animal must be made to rely entirely upon its master. It cannot be made to do so by brute force. The same means should be used as with a child.

☞ A farmer in Bangor, Me., noticing that wheat was being picked from the heads of standing grain, and finding flocks of yellow birds flying about, shot some of them. On opening their crops, he found only three grains of wheat and, by actual count, 350 weevils. It is better that farmers know whether they kill friends or foes.

☞ The Merino sheep business is "booming" in Vermont. We notice in some of our exchanges that $2,000 is said to have been offered for a single buck, and $1,500 has been paid for a half interest in another.

☞ Bohemia has two superior and seven ordinary institutions for agricultural instruction, all of which are in the enjoyment of state support.

NEW ENGLAND FARMING LANDS.

The questions raised by "Young Farmer" in last week's *Ploughman*, are of the highest importance to every friend of New England; they touch our interests, they touch our pride, and therefore they demand the most searching investigation, and the deepest thought. To enter into all of the details as to why there are so many abandoned farms in New England, and why so many of her native sons seek for homes in the new States of the west, would require more room and deeper investigations than are at present available; but a few leading thoughts may not be uninteresting to the numerous readers of the *Ploughman*.

Have our farms been abandoned because the soil has become exhausted and unproductive? or because the profits are less than fifty years ago? certainly it cannot be the former, because the average yield per acre is more now than it was then; and as to the latter question no one will attempt to dispute the fact that the farmer of to-day realizes more money for his labor than did the farmer of fifty years ago. Then we must look for some other cause.

Not far from fifty years ago the intelligent New England mechanics brought into use their inventive powers, which had been gradually developing in the Yankee race since the landing of the Pilgrims. These powers were brought into action in such a practical way, that they at once commenced a revolution in almost every department of mechanics; old and tedious methods of manufacturing gradually gave way to the new and easier methods where iron fingers took the place of those of living flesh. At first small shops were erected wherein to operate the new crude labor saving machinery; as the machinery was improved and its capacity for manufacturing increased the shops were enlarged, the number of workmen increased, and at the same time the cost of manufacturing reduced to such extent, that the manufacturers found a ready sale in the markets of the world at remunerative prices; and so rapidly did the demand increase, that notwithstanding the introduction of labor-saving machinery, the number of mechanics, who had formerly worked at hand work, were found to be insufficient to supply the increasing demand. The machinery of the manufactories having been perfected to such a degree that the farmer's sons and daughters, after a few days' instruction, could run them, it opened to them a field too tempting to be resisted. Instead of being required to work from daylight to bed-time, and exchange their products at the country store where the keeper fixed the price of what he bought, as well as what he sold, they were required to work a less number of hours, and when Saturday night came, received their pay in cash, which they could spend where they could buy fresh goods at satisfactory prices.

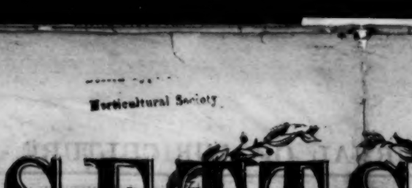
As the large towns were built up they drew in from the farming districts the young people, until but few were left to till the farms except the fathers, whose failing strength soon compelled them to relinquish all improvements on the farm; and thus the briers, the bushes and the trees crept in, and occupied what had been the green and fertile spots of the farm; when age and disease had done its work, and these patriarchs of the soil were gathered to their fathers, the sons, no longer factory operatives, but master mechanics, merchants or professional men, went back to the home of their youth, to assist in performing the last sad rites, and to once more look over the old homestead and perhaps drop a tear of sadness in parting from those fields which witnessed the joys of their early childhood. If the farm be a valley farm, near a growing village, it may be kept by one of the children, as a summer residence, or it may be sold to some retired business man, who will try to farm it with the little knowledge he learned when a boy and drove his father's cows to pasture; if it be a poor hill farm, the bushes and trees will be allowed to grow, and the old homestead gradually shut in and hid by the surrounding forest. The buildings will soon became mossy, dilapidated and unfit to live in; a few years more, the timbers, unprotected from the descending rain, decay and drop to the earth to become a sad reminder of the joys they once sheltered.

This is no overdrawn picture, for all over New England are living evidences of its truth. Is any one to blame? certainly not, for it is a natural result growing out of the building up of extensive manufacturing interests, which has been supported and brought to its present perfection by the invention of machinery so complete, and so perfect, that the New England inventors have taken the front rank among the inventors of the world. So extensively have we manufactured, and so widely have we sold, that there are but few markets in the civilized world where New England manufactures cannot be found. So pressing at times has been the demand for laborers, that manufacturers, after pressing in every native son and daughter that could be induced to leave the farm, they have found it necessary to employ large numbers of foreign laborers, who are attracted to our shores by the better pay which our manufacturers are able to give them, than the manufacturers of their own country.

Right here the question will naturally arise if we have no laborers to spare, why do so many go to the Western States? the reply is this: Manufacturing business is not uniform; there are times when goods cannot be made fast enough; then comes depression when large numbers are out of employment; then those who are idle begin to be uneasy, dissatisfied with their vocation, then it is that the old homestead with its never failing work and constant income presents itself to them in the most attractive form; just as they have made up their minds to settle on some New England farm, the western land agent comes along and they become willing listeners to such glowing descriptions of the fertile lands of the west, that the old farm of their grandfather's appears to them to be only a fit place to starve on; and the story that they have read and heard repeated so many times, that the climate of New England is cold and its soil rocky, poor and unproductive, becomes to them a reality, and so they are forced to the conclusion that if they are to cultivate the soil they must go to that land so highly extolled by the party who are so anxious to sell their land that they see only its richness, and remember only the most favorable seasons.

If the people of New England would take half the effort to set forth the advantages of their climate, their soil and their free institutions and delightful homes, as the land agents do to portray the advantages of the West, we should check the westward stream of emigrants, many of whom leave a life of comparative ease to enter upon one of hardship, of poverty and of misery, in a Western wilderness, and at the same time deprive their children of the free institutions and high social advantages of New England.

IMPORTED "DUTCH-FRIESIAN" COW "MAID OF TWISK."



Owned by S. Hoxie, of Whitestown, N. Y.

"Maid of Twisk" was imported by T. E. Whiting of Concord, Mass., and selected by Prof. Hengerveld, of the Royal Veterinary Institute, Utrecht. Prof. H. wrote Mr. Whiting that he would send him "the two best heifers in all Holland." One of them was sent to Illinois and died before she had time for full development. The other is the present Maid of Twisk. Prof. Arnold has pronounced her the nearest to his ideal of any cow he ever saw. A few days since the renowned cheese manufacturer and breeder, Mr. Straight, of Ohio, in examining her said "She is probably the best cow in the world."

She is nine years old past, having been dropped in the autumn of 1870. Her weight in fair flesh is about 1350 lbs. She gave in in 1876, 12,563 1-8 pounds of milk, in 1877 14,312 pounds, and in 1878 15,960 5-8 pounds. In the last year she averaged 47 5-10 pounds during the time she was milked, 336 days. She has taken the first prize at every exhibition at which she has ever been shown, with the exception of the New York State Fair held at Utica last autumn. The first prize as best milker being given to a younger animal of the same herd. She is a pure bred Dutch-Friesian, incorrectly called in this country Holsteins. At three New York State Fairs where she was exhibited in competition with the finest Holsteins in America, she easily carried off the first prize in each instance. She stands at the head of the Unadilla Valley Herd, consisting of eighty pure bred animals of the same breed. Her form is a model of the wedge shape, her limbs, head, neck and tail very fine for an animal of her size; her color pure black and white variagated, her udder very capacious, her escutcheon first order of the first class, and her milk veins probably larger than those of any other cow in America.

Horticulture.

CAUSE AND PREVENTION OF THE APPLE ROT.

Mr. C. H. Peck, the State Botanist, in his recently issued annual report to the Regents of the University of the State of New York, says:

While on the way from Summit to Jefferson, in Schoharie County, an apple orchard was observed on which much of the fruit was discolored, and appeared as if beginning to decay. Some of the passengers remarked that they "never before knew of apples rotting on the tree." Some of the fruit was procured and found to be affected by a fungus known to botanists by the name of *Sphæropsis malorum*, or "apple sphæropsis." It has been described as attacking apples lying on the ground in winter. Here was an instance in which the apples were attacked while yet on the tree, and that, too, as early as September. The apples attacked by the fungus are rendered worthless, and experiments recently made indicate that the disease is contagious, and may be communicated from one apple to another. For example, a perfectly sound apple was placed in a drawer with one which was affected by the fungus. In a few days the sound apples began to show signs of decay. Its whole surface had assumed a dull brown color, as if beginning to rot. Two or three days later small pale spots made their appearance, and in the centre of each there was a minute rupture of the epidermis.

An examination of the substance of the apple in these pale spots revealed fungus filaments that had permeated the cells of the apple. In two or three days more numerous minute black pustules or papillæ had appeared. They were thickly scattered over nearly the whole surface of the fruit. These constitute the sphæropsis. When microscopically examined, each one of these black papillæ is found to contain several oblong pale fungus spores, supported on a short stem or foot stalk, from which they soon separate. It would be well, therefore, whenever this fungus rot makes its appearance, to remove the affected apples at once from the presence of the others, whether they are on the tree or not. It is not enough to throw them on the ground by themselves, for this would not prevent the fungus from ripening and scattering its seeds.

CIDER VINEGAR.

[Country Gentleman.]

This is almost a necessity in housekeeping, and is easily prepared. After cider is fermented draw it off into a keg, and take strips of straw paper, dipped into West India molasses or maple syrup, put them into the keg of cider and set in a warm place, near a stove or chimney where it will not freeze, and in a few weeks you will have a sharp, pure vinegar. If one needs it to use in a shorter time, they can fill a jug with cider and turn into each gallon of cider a pint of molasses and a cupful of lively yeast. Have a jug full of the liquid, let it stand uncorked back of the cook stove where it will keep warm. It will commence fermenting in twenty-four hours, and will not take over a week to make splendid sharp vinegar. It must be drawn off into another jug, leaving the dregs, and kept in a tight corked jug or bottles, where it will not freeze. If one has good cider, there need be no trouble about vinegar, as it can be made into sharp vinegar in a short time by using a little labor, and taking care of it. Straw paper, saturated with molasses, acts upon cider like mother, and in a few weeks has every appearance of that article, only a little firmer in consistency, and rather thicker in texture.

☞ To utilize feathers of ducks, chickens and turkeys, generally thrown aside as refuge, trim the plumes from the stump, inclose them in a tight bag, rub the whole as if washing clothes, and you will secure a perfectly uniform and light down, excellent for quilting coverlets and not a few other purposes.

☞ Horses contract habits very easily when improperly managed, and transmit them to their offspring. The balky man makes a balky horse: "Tis easier to prevent than cure."

☞ The value of imports of eggs and poultry into Great Britain amounts to $40,000,000 a year. These products are said to come largely from France.

☞ Great quantities of tobacco are raised in Russia, the seed from which it is grown being obtained chiefly from this country.

☞ Damaged corn is exceedingly injurious as food for horses, because it brings on inflammation of the bowels and skin diseases.

The Poultry Interest.

HENS AND EGGS ON THE FARM.

[Indiana Farmer.]

Many a beginner in the poultry business has rued the day he ventured upon it, especially that class who began the business as a specialty and with the purpose of making much money in a short time. The fact is, anyone who proposes to make a specialty of poultry had better serve a bit of apprenticeship in the business first. They will learn more than they had thought of in that way. We do not say that the poultry business may not be made profitable, but there are scores who have learned by hard experience that it is a branch of industry to be learned before it can be made profitable. Why not? Do we not have to learn the methods of every other industry before we find profit in them?

But every farmer may, and can with profit keep a few dozen hens. In the winter these should have a good warm, well ventilated house, and not over forty or fifty be kept together. With the usual grain food, finely pounded bones in mush, fed a little warm, and if convenient some vegetables and animal food two or three times a week, one may have an abundance of fresh eggs all winter, when they are the most valuable in market. With such treatment the hens will lay just as much in winter as at any other season, and in this way a farmer may find his hens the most profitable to him.

VEGETABLE FOOD FOR POULTRY.

[Poultry Yard.]

Any of the roots—as potatoes, rutabagas, turnips, carrots, etc., when boiled and mixed with corn and rye-meal—make an excellent and economical daily food for poultry. In this form fowls are fond of the diet, and it works very kindly with them.

Most experienced breeders think it necessary to dole out dry grain only to their chickens, generally whole corn, from year's end to year's end. And where large numbers of fowls are kept it is often considered too troublesome to supply cooked vegetables for the fowl stock, the dry feed system being the handiest, of course.

But there is nothing that is so great a help to the poulterer, first and last, either in the cost or through the benefits to be derived to the stock, as a regular feed every day of cooked vegetables. We have tried this practically for years, and we have found it highly advantageous, as compared with any other method of feeding.

There are other kinds of vegetables also, which are quite as valuable as are the roots mentioned, for use among poultry, in their season. The leaves of turnips or carrots, raw cabbages at any time of the year, green corn in the ear, etc., may be given to poultry freely, and these will all be relished. But if at least one-half of all the food given them be of some sort of vegetable and green, fowls will constantly be found in better thrift and in finer condition than when fed in any other way.

LAND PLOUGHED DRY.

Ploughing land when it is very dry is nearly as hurtful as when it is very wet. But my experience is with heavy clay, or land in which clay is an important constituent. Such land when ploughed dry breaks up lumpy, and consequent rains do not dissolve the lumps. It is my opinion that there is never a more suitable condition for ploughing any soil than when it has enough moisture to cause the furrows to fall loosely from the plough with no appearance of packing and no lumps."—*William Armstrong, Elmira, N. Y.*

MEASURING HAY.

To find the number of tons in long or square stacks, the following is the rule: Multiply the length in yards by the width in yards, and that by half the altitude in yards, and divide the product by 15. To find the number of tons in circular stacks: Multiply the square of the circumference in yards by four times the altitude in yards, and divide by 100. The quotient will be the number of cubic yards in the stack. Then divide by 15 to get the number of tons.—*Ex.*

☞ In all accounts the fairs lately held in nearly every part of the country, there are few things more remarkable than the rapid propagation of Jersey cattle noted by the prominent positions they hold at the different exhibitions. A few years back, a Jersey was seldom seen at any of the fairs, except here and there in the East, whereas, now, according to nearly all reports, they number as many as any other breed, and often more.

☞ It is held that England will eventually become one of the best customers for our mutton sheep. To accomplish this, however, our stock of mutton sheep must not only be increased, but especial care must be taken in breeding, and special pains used in fattening. In beef cattle, what consumers want now-a-days is superior flesh, not masses of tallow.

☞ Give hens constant access to lime in some form. Hens must have the raw material in order to manufacture shells; they cannot make them out of nothing.

☞ Tomatoes when ripe make an excellent vinegar, and contain sufficient saccharine matter to give it a good body without the addition of sugar.

Correspondence.

SEWAGE FARMING.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

Since presenting some facts relative to the utilization of sewage, to the readers of the *Ploughman*, there have been three very interesting discussions before the "Society of Arts" at the Institute of Technology in which, incidentally, the matter of the utilizing of sewage was discussed by some of the speakers. The main topic of discussion was, however, that of discharging the sewage so as to get thoroughly rid of it. Whether this be done by drain into the harbor is more than doubted by some, while it is confidently and positively maintained and affirmed by others. Those who favor the utilization of sewage constitute a third party, thus making a triangular discussion. Now who shall decide when professors disagree?

These gentlemen engaged in the discussion of this important subject seem severally and equally earnest and positive and sure of what is the best method of solving this important problem. If the shoaling of the harbor be caused, as stated by some, by discharging the city sewage by water thereto or thereinto, then a serious evil awaits this mode of getting rid of filth, which, as claimed by some is not getting rid of it but accumulating it when great harm must be, ultimately, the result, in more ways than the shoaling of the harbor as proved by some. Those who favor its utilization would not send it out to sea, even if they felt quite sure it could be done (which they do not) as asserted by some of the engineers.

In the discussion of the second evening, presided over by H. W. Fuller, the Hon. E. H. Derby favored the using of the sewage on the farms of Quincy rather than the discharge of it at Moon Island. The shoaling of the river Thames in London was referred to by Mr. Derby. The ebb tides, he said, meet the sewage and precipitate it and thus prevent its going out to sea. This is shown in Thames river by the massing of the sewage therein, as stated by Mr. Derby. This should be a warning, he argued, to other cities in relation to the discharging of sewage.

Prof. Watson spoke of the shoaling of the river Seine at Paris from the city sewage, and gave a very interesting description of the methods now used to purify the sewage by natural process, that is to say, by running it through permeable soil by which immense crops were taken from sandy ground where the sewage was applied or used. This process has been a great success in Paris, and Prof. Watson thought that before Boston constructed the tunnel from Squantum to Moon Island, experiments in utilizing the sewage better be tried. His remarks were illustrated by beautiful drawings, and he was carefully and thoughtfully listened to.

Prof. Nichols would not object to the utilization of sewage if it could be done economically; this he doubted, and argued that the only way to get rid of it is to send it out to sea. The discussion was continued in a most earnest and animated manner until a late hour.

One gentleman remarked in the hearing of the writer, on leaving the Hall, that "he thought the known was greatly overborne by the unknown, as seemed clearly manifested on the part of both the professors and the non-professors." The speculative seems to lead the experimental in this physical discussion, as is usually the case in metaphysical discussions. It seems quite impossible to evolve truth from the unknown.

On Thursday evening the 11th inst., the subject was further discussed relative to E. H. Derby's objections as referred to above.

Mr. Davis, the engineer, remarked that, taking the average of the English sewage farmers, that 400 acres are provided for 1,000,000 gallons of sewage daily. The Boston sewage, he said, amounts to 25,000,000 gallons daily; this will require a farm of 10,000 acres for its utilization. Having reference to sanitary conditions, some claim that for the daily discharge of 1,000,000 gallons of sewage daily, 1000 acres would be necessary, and, therefore, 25,000 acres for the utilizing of the Boston sewage. He argued that it would cost more to utilize sewage than to send it out to sea, a method he deemed quite practicable. If persons desire to utilize sewage, he presumed the city authorities would allow it to be done at Squantum free of cost, but he would not advise so gigantic an experiment as running a sewage farm of 10,000 acres in this climate.

Eliot C. Clark closed the discussion by saying that the engineers so far from being opposed to utilizing sewage, are in favor of it. He had hoped that those favoring it would be present with figures, showing the cost of carrying it to Quincy for farming purposes. He argued that it would cost three times as much to use it as it would to send it out to sea at Moon Island; and, moreover, he said the flats of Quincy are not suitable for it, nor do they need it.

Thus has the writer reported a sketch of the views as presented by those favoring, or partially so, the utilizing of the city sewage instead of sending it out to sea, whence, it was argued by some, it would return no more to shoal the harbor or foul the atmosphere about the city, as it now does in hot weather when the tide is low.

Lawes and Gilbert of England put the manurial ingredients of a mixed population at an average value of 8s.4d. per head per annum, making the value over £100,000 sterling, or about $500,000. "The value of a thing is just as much as it will bring," it has been said, and, in a certain sense, this is true. The worth of sewage can only be determined by experiments. Proof has yet to be furnished in order to show under what conditions, if any, sewage can be economically utilized. In England sewage farming has become a practical fact in every quarter of the kingdom, and thanks to the zeal and intelligence of its promoters who are annually adding to the knowledge of the principles on which it should be and is conducted.

The quantity of water supplied to the population will determine approximately the strength and amount of sewage, assuming that the storm-water is excluded from the sewers and that they do not receive land-drainage to any extent. It is almost impossible for the farmer to deal satisfactorily with sewage increased in quantity (at the same time that it is diluted in strength) when he least requires an addition in such a shape. At Bedford, England, where the supply of water to the inhabitants is but 150,000 gallons daily, the average quantity of sewage which reaches the pumping-station is 600,000 gallons. At Dover, with 1,000,000 gallons of water supply, the daily discharge of the sewers is 3,500,000 gallons. Where every inhabitant is supplied with 30 gallons of water daily, a total of 50 tons per head per annum will be available for sewerage purposes. With such a basis, 50 persons contribute 2,500 tons per acre of sewage per annum. Such a view will serve to show the practical use made of sewage where it is utilized as in Great Britain.

These latter facts are given to illustrate practically some of the remarks made by speakers in the late interesting discussions before the "Society of Arts," at the Technological Institute. Some further remarks on Sewage farming are reserved for another paper. L. W.

The Sheepfold.

POINTS IN SHEEP HUSBANDRY.

[Arthur A. Smith's Paper, read at the Country Meeting at Greenfield, Mass.]

WHAT BREEDS TO SELECT.

Having first decided what you desire to accomplish with your sheep, select the kind that will, from the best information you possess, meet your wants. If for wool alone without regard to mutton, I think the testimony is in favor of Merinoes. If for mutton, then the long-wools, any of the varieties. But if you desire to combine the two qualities of producing wool and mutton, then, by all means, take the middle wools, the Southdowns being foremost in the list. Or, what is still better in my judgment, is to cross fine wool ewes with a Lincoln, Cotswold or Leicester ram, thus securing a strong, robust and hardy constitution, with good size and a grade of wool which the wool speculator will allow you just as much per pound for as though it were combing or delaine. I am well aware that it is an absolute necessity to have the pure breeds of all kinds, and, with present indications, it would almost seem that the United States would before long export sheep to Europe for breeding purposes. Already has Japan ordered cargoes of Merinos, as well as Australia and some of the countries of South America. There never was a more promising time for sheep-breeders than the present.

Having obtained the cross-breed, then decide whether you will raise early or late lambs. If early, cross the Cotswold-Merinos with a pure breed Southdown ram; but if for late lambs, to sell from grass to butchers in July or August, or keep for winter feeding, then continue to use a Cotswold ram.

Never allow the lambs to remain with their mother after August. I believe that many of our sheep-raisers might attribute their failure in sheep husbandry to the fact of allowing the lambs to draw from the ewes until the time to put their flocks into winter quarters, or deliver the lambs to the feeders.

WEANING EASILY ACCOMPLISHED.

The method of weaning lambs is simple and easy. Having first secured a good pasture for the lambs to run in you can get your flocks to the barn—in the morning—and separate the lambs from the ewes, immediately taking them to the lot assigned for them, together with a few dry or barren ewes to keep them quiet. Never allow the lambs to suckle the mother after the first separation, as this only retards the weaning process. Should the ewes have a large flow of milk, keep them in the barn, so that their bags can be examined and, if necessary, the milk drawn therefrom. If desirable after two weeks' separation, the ewes and lambs can be turned into the same lot, without any fear of the lambs attempting to suckle the ewes.

I have said that the lambs should be weaned by the first of August, assuming that the lambs were dropped not later than April. Of course this rule would not apply to those ewes who delight in raising two crops per year, the second crop not appearing until the middle of July. All of the latter ones should be allowed parental care until put into winter quarters.

The raising of late or grass lambs is made more extensively practical than the raising of early lambs for the too common reason that it is "less work." Other farmers have large pastures, cut a large account of hay, feed their mow-lambs rather than cut a crop of rowen, which is so essential to the success of the feeder of early lambs. Without the aftermath I should not attempt to keep a nice flock of breeding ewes; make less attempt to raise early lambs for market.

FATTENING SHEEP FOR MARKET.

I now propose to state the manner in which most of our successful feeders fatten their sheep for market. If they are spring lambs put them into their pens about the 1st of November and commence with a light feed of corn and oats, with a little cotton-seed meal mixed. This feed is given the first thing in the morning; then a feed of good early cut hay, fine or rowen, followed with a feed of coarser hay or straw at or near noon. The sheep should be left to themselves after their last feed. Do not allow any one to visit the pens while the sheep are resting between their feeds. There is nothing that will so much prevent a sheep from laying on fat as to behold a strange man with a huge buffalo, or wolf or bear-skin overcoat upon him, walking to and fro in front of their pens.

Let the sheep rest until about four P. M., when you will go out quietly to the barn, clean the racks of the hay or straw, giving the sheep a good bed, and then feed with grain as in the morning, following with a good feed of prime hay or rowen. Shut your barn up and leave them for the night.

Of course the amount of grain should be increased as you advance in feeding, until they will get one quart of half corn and half cotton-seed meal each, at which point I should stop increasing the amount of grain, but give them a few turnips every day,—if turnips are not at hand then mangolds, beets or potatoes.

Good, pure running water should always be accessible to the sheep. Do not depend on cisterns, pails or snow.

Sheep need good air and not too many together to do well. I would not have more than twenty-five or thirty in a lot for feeding. Keep them high and dry, even if the weather is a little cold, rather than low, damp and close, though warm. In the former case you will not discover any of the diseases which sheep are heir to, while with the latter you will be troubled before spring with a large number of pelts without the carcasses.

What I have said has been applied to the feeding of spring lambs. The same rule will apply to the feeding of other sheep. With the following suggestions to govern you, success must surely attend your efforts.

1. Raise your sheep for feeding, if possible; otherwise purchase direct of those who do raise them. If you have not judgment sufficient to buy your sheep, you had better keep out of the business of feeding.

2. Be regular and systematic in your feeding and raise what corn and hay you do feed.

3. Sell your sheep as nearly as you can to those who consume them, thereby saving to yourself from ten to one hundred per cent. of the profits that otherwise go to the middlemen and speculators.

I believe there is as large a profit in feeding sheep as in any other stock if a flock is rightly managed, and with immensely less labor.

I am of the opinion that late feeding is preferable, having your sheep ready for market the last of April and first of May. The markets for the past few years have been decidedly better and then it affords the feeder an opportunity to retain the fleeces of wool that bring more from our local wool speculators than the whole pelts will bring in market with the wool on.

Written expressly for the Massachusetts Ploughman.

JERSEYS AND ALDERNEYS.

BY R. GOODMAN, ESQ.

In the report of the address of Gov. Hyde, of Connecticut, before the State Board Meeting at Greenfield, he is made to say, "Alderneys embrace the Jerseys and Guernseys." If he means copulatively, it is very bad breeding indeed, but if it is to be understood that Alderney is the genuine or race name for these three distinct breeds, it is a great error. Mr. Hyde is a Devon breeder, but he should certainly know enough of the others not to confound at this day, Jerseys, Guernseys and Alderneys. There are so few of the latter and they are so like the Jerseys, that both these are classed as Jerseys, while the Guernsey is distinct from them in so many particulars that any breeder immediately distinguishes the one from the other.

Mr. Hyde further says that these three varieties of cattle "have been too closely bred and are, therefore, too delicate and effeminate for the ordinary practical farmer, while they are, perhaps, of all our blooded cattle, the largest eaters, as compared with what they produce." I think the breeders of Jerseys everywhere will differ with him on all these points, and especially, as to their being too delicate or effeminate for dairy purposes, as well as to their being the large eaters they represent. The reports of the prizes taken at Greenfield show a great preponderance of the Jerseys among the cows which produced the best butter and these in the hands of ordinary farmers. I have not found them less hardy than the other breeds which I have bred during the past twenty years, and when I kept Shorthorns, natives and Jerseys, they were fed alike as to quantity and quality during the winter, largely of early cut hay and very lightly of meal. The best Jersey breeders refrain from feeding much grain and some of the most profitable herds go through the winter season on hay with two to four quarts *mixed* wheat bran and Indian meal, and any excess beyond that is considered injurious.

It has been stated so many times that the "Alderney" is no longer recognized in this country but merged in the "Jerseys" that it is quite mortifying to see them continually turn up as they are in Mr. Hyde's address and in the report of the New York *Tribune* and other papers on the Dairy Exhibition in New York, one breeder exhibiting a herd of Jerseys, another of Alderneys, when in fact there were no Alderneys there at all. The only Channel Island cattle known among breeders of these animals are Jerseys and Guernseys.

THE FARMERS' INSTITUTES.

The reports of these meetings to the State Board at its next annual meeting in January, by the members of the different societies under whose direction they have been guided and carried will be looked for with interest, as they will show pretty faithfully what societies have been moved by real interest in agriculture and which others have had only the impulse of fear—the dread of losing the bounty money before them. Two have been held by each of the leading societies of Berkshire, those at the south under the auspices of the "Housatonic,"—whose member accredited to the State Board is a working farmer—been overflowing and very successful, the last at Great Barrington being attended by four hundred farmers and farmers' wives, though the speakers invited were all from the county, and two halls were put in requisition, one for the feast of information, the other for the inner bodily comforts, and both exceedingly well enjoyed.

The two meetings held at Pittsfield by the unwilling managers of the "Old Berkshire," whose delegate to the State Board is not a farmer nor a believer in the ability of the Board to do any good to the farming interests of the State and whose society has for years persistently evaded the obligations imposed by law and the direction of the Board as conditions precedent to the receipt of its six hundred dollars, were attended by from a dozen to twenty persons, mostly people of the town, hardly a farmer being present and no petticoat within the circumference of the room. No advertisements were made of the meetings or their objects—no attempt to get notice to the farmers roundabout of the object of the gathering, and no effort made to disguise the fact that the work was grudgingly done and only because required by those having authority. At the last of the two meetings the accomplished delegate of the Essex Society, *Benjamin P. Ware*, of Marblehead, came up and gave an hour's valuable information on garden vegetables and root culture, to an audience of a

come, when all will be re-frescoed in the gay colors of old.

At the Reformation, everything savoring of art, in the way of painting in churches was condemned. A great reaction seems to be taking place, and the church has discovered that it is quite possible to use, and not abuse these things, and in some instances artists were at work in cathedrals painting small portions as specimens for re-decorating the entire work. Some examples of frescoed ceilings are already complete. Peterboro is now very white and clean, and the effect of its great interior is most pleasing. It abounds in

MONUMENTS,

and many of them are of great antiquity and interest. Our statement must be so meagre, that we dislike to at all enter the field of description, but will venture a little Catharine of Arragon, first wife of Henry VIII., is buried here, and it is said that on account of the fact of this being her place of burial, the king was pleased to give orders that the cathedral be mildly dealt with, and so it escaped that destructive action that so much injured all the others. Mary, Queen of Scots was also buried here, but when James I. came to the throne, her remains were removed to Westminster Abbey, where they now repose. An account of her life, imprisonment at Fotheringhay Castle, and her cruel death, has been related in another article. The graves of these two eminent women were together, and now the verger tells us, "There lies Catherine of Arragon, and there next to her, and for years was buried Queen Mary, but by reason of that letter," pointing to a letter, glass and framed, hanging near by, "her remains were removed to Westminster." We peruse the letter in the king's hand writing, and muse on the things with a melancholy interest and pass on. So much was this cathedral admired by King Edgar, that he bestowed such valuable gifts upon it that it caused the name of the city to be changed to *Goldenburg*, "the golden town," which title at length gave place to its present name, derived from St. Peter, to whom the cathedral was dedicated.

The Dean and Chapter of the cathedral, by virtue of their office, exercise so much authority in the civil government of the city, as to make it practically under their jurisdiction. This being as before named, Whitmonday, and a sort of holiday, the cathedral was open free in all parts to the public, and hundreds were going and coming all the time we were in it; a large part of them were doubtless from out of town. We were thus favored with a view of an English town on a holiday, and of course traces were present of what are the country title of "Merrie Englande." All the people were well dressed, sober, courteous, and full of enjoyment. Band concerts, and horse trots were in order; a balloon ascension in a park, twenty-four cents,—a shilling,—admission, and so the eating houses were full and from our experience of the results of the practice, "first come first served," it practically meant, that he that did not first come, was likely to be served poorly, or perhaps what was better, not served at all.

CELEBRATED MEN, ETC.

Peterboro' has the honor of being the birthplace of the renowned Dr. William Paley, who was born in July, 1743, and died May 25, 1805. He was graduated at Christ's College, Cambridge, in 1763; in 1782, he was made Archdeacon of Carlisle. In 1785, appeared his celebrated work, "Principles of Moral and Political Economy," the copyright of which brought him $5,000. In 1794, was published his "View of the Evidences of Christianity," and in 1802, his great work, "Natural Theology;" these works have long been text books in theological studies, and mark their author as one of superior intellect, and of profound reasoning powers; while the deductions of his reasoning and arguments from given data are freely admitted. Yet, later thought, and the breaking forth of that light from the Scriptures, which the Pilgrims' minister, John Robinson, of Leyden, expected would come, has destroyed some of his data, or premises from which he argued, and of course the results are anything but such as in his day, and as seen from his standpoint appeared reasonable or right.

In the vicinity of Peterboro' is Milton Park; the seat of Earl Fitzwilliam. The estate is said to be a most elegant one, and freely open to the public at certain hours of the day. This custom is one that strikes the tourist very favorably, and always awakens a sense of gratitude. No cathedral or building of importance is ever closed from, say 9 A. M., to 6 P. M., and facilities are furnished the visitor to examine all parts. Much of it is entirely free, and when a fee is charged, it is a reasonable one, and only such as will prevent a rush of loafers to the premises, and the fee goes to pay the salary of the attendant, or for repairs of the structure. And now at 3 P. M., came another time for "moving on," so we took train for

LYNN.

As will be observed, we are at times in places of very familiar names, and to us this is one, and a place also, we much desired to see, for from this, our Lynn in New England took its name. This English one is called *Lynn Regis*, or King's Lynn. It was arrived at after an hour's ride, and is a beautiful place, in certain respects reminding one of our Lynn, for, although the houses are mostly of two or of three stories in height, and of brick or stone, yet they have so many gardens intervening, and a general freedom from compactness for a majority of the place, as to give it a somewhat rural character, though in the more immediate business part, it has an old, perhaps aged look, and is compact and very business like. The streets are well paved and lighted; there are many fine stores, and the old market square is surrounded by very substantial stone buildings. The city is situated on the river Ouse, nine miles from the North Sea, so that as at our Lynn, the salt water flows at its few wharves and tides rise and fall regularly. There are here also salt marshes, and, while we were there, the tide being out, the banks of the river showed to worst, or as we should say for our purpose, to best advantage, for we would see them in their worst, and from the "lay of the land," could imagine them at their best. The water was at this time of tide, down some 20 feet or more from the surface of land, and was perhaps 800 feet wide. The banks we quite irregular, and very muddy from their top down to the water, and the river while running in one general direction, was rather crooked. From the opposite bank was a grand sort of upland meadow, of perhaps a quarter of a mile width, and beyond this, slightly higher land, stretching well to the right, and left, and of a most pleasing nature was this landscape, for there were fine mansions embowered in elegant groups of trees; splendid lawns, and every evidence of a good civilization. Taken as a whole, this peculiar river, with schooners, and yachts; scows, fishing boats, etc; a general lack of finish to anything about the river, except the grand meadow, and domain bordering it; the, to us, very natural and pleasing odor of the salt water, so unlike our Lynn, like it was on this fine warm summer afternoon;—these combined to make us oft and definite in our praise of this Lynn harbor. At our back was the city and along at the edge of the river were just such old, and if not dilapidated, certainly not lately built or repaired wharves, and on them, were just such things for fishermen's use, as are required to make a place of the kind in harmony with itself, and complete. There were old ware-houses, three and four stories high, quite thickly bordering on the wharf street or narrow road way. Not a thing that was new any time during th's half century, and most of it was old on the other side of 1800, but the aggregate was complete, for this, like our Lynn, is a semi commercial place. Back of these store-houses were the town streets, and the good business portion, and here in the midst, was one of the best possible examples of a very large, almost cathedralish, ancient stone Gothic church. St. Margaret's, and founded in the 12th century. It was enclosed in part by a high, but well open iron fence, and the usual, ancient burial ground was about it.

Another church of antiquity and note, is that of St. Nicholas. It was erected in the 14th century, and is for a thing of the kind, one of the finest in the kingdom. It is in the Gothic style, 200 feet long, and 78 feet wide. The city has a population of 17,260, which was the population of our Lynn sometime between the years 1850 and 1860. The name, King's Lynn, instead of Lynn Regis, is to distinguish it from Lynn Regis, a town of Dorsetshire. It has been said that the place is situated on the river Ouse, which is fact, that stream being the principal river, but there are four other small streams or navigable rivers running into the city, and these are crossed by more than a dozen bridges. Anciently the place was defended on the land side by a fosse, which is a ditch or moat, with here and there strong bastions, or battery structures, and there are the remains of an ancient embattled wall, and of one gateway. The city has a free grammar school founded in the 15th century. To give it character as a place of antiquity, it has the ruins of a convent, and an octagonal "Ladye tower." It has several ancient hospitals for the poor; an ancient guild hall; jail, theatre, library, mechanics institution, and a large market house, and a fort. Up to fifty years ago, the trade of Lynn took rank as the fifth in England. A bar of shifting sand at the mouth of the river seriously troubled and a decline came, but its prospects are again on the increase. It has quite large exports of corn and wool, and it has shipyards, breweries, iron foundries, cork works, and rope and tobacco manufactories, and steamers ply between this place and Hull. Lynn was remarkable for its fidelity to the royal cause in the time of King John, who died Oct. 19, 1216, and as a reward for its fidelity, the King presented the place with a silver cup and sword. The people were also very loyal, and espoused the cause of Charles I., who was executed in the tower of London, Jan. 30, 1649.

Our rambles along the river, and through the streets of this place were very entertaining, a rural atmosphere prevailed as before named through a large part of it, and a good healthy substantial business-like one through the remainder, a neatness everywhere obtained, and as at 4.30 P. M., we took cars for Wells, we were delighted that our Lynn has so good a parentage.

The Ploughman

BOSTON, SATURDAY, DEC. 27, 1879.

Steps have been taken for holding a World's Fair at New York, several distinguished public men giving it their support.

A brutal fight between a pugilist and a Siberian bloodhound occurred in St. Louis the other night, in which the dog was killed and the man terribly lacerated.

It has not been determined who shall be the next Prime Minister of France. Much talk and effort is being expended in re-organizing that important part of the government.

The Indian problem continues to present increasing difficulties to its successful solution, but we cannot very well complain in view of the long neglect to which it has been persistently treated.

Congress is in a state of vacation, but it is said that a number of the more important committees are sitting in Washington during the recess, in order to expedite the regular business of the session and make it as short as possible.

Christmas Eve was wet, sloshy and exceedingly unpleasant out-of-doors, which only made it the more necessary to condense the enjoyment in-doors. We doubt if the weather had any sensible effect on the number of presents that were sent around.

Intelligence is just received of the loss at sea of the steamship Borussia, which was abandoned in a sinking condition about 350 miles southwest of Fayal. The passengers and crew, numbering 234 persons, took to the boats, and nine out of the survivors have reached Queenstown. It is feared that these few are all who survive.

The venerable and universally respected *Marshall P. Wilder*, writes to the Editor of the *Ploughman* in a letter of Dec. 24, as follows: "I have not been able until lately to read much, but your paper never escapes my notice; and I am glad to see that the ability of its management has in no degree been diminished. So may it ever be!"

CHRISTMAS.

The *Ploughman* distributes with its present issue unnumbered wishes for the happiness of its patrons and friends. It sends out to all sincere wishes for a Merry Christmas. It is the season that appeals successfully to the deep affections of all people. It is peculiarly the gift season, when buyers all wear radiant smiles of satisfaction instead of thoughtful looks of calculation. The holiday trade is much better this year than for several years past, the return of better times having filled purses that have long been half empty, and thawed out the slowness that has been a growing obstruction to present-making for many years. It is fortunate indeed when a revival of industry and business prosperity falls in, as it seems to do this year, with the delightful Holiday Season.

What encourages the Christmas hopes is the sight of the present manifestations on every side in its favor. The time has at length escaped from the grasp of Puritanism, in which it was held for so many generations by the people of New England, and blossomed out into one of general joy and the most endeared associations. There is no reason why the views of one generation concerning Christmas should govern those of a succeeding generation to restrict and deny them. Let us all and innocent pleasure where we may, and indulge in harmless enjoyment whenever it is to be had. Custom has associated Christmas with gifts, and the freest exchange of birthday wishes, and an intermingling of social delights. There could not be a better way to celebrate the feast of peace and good-will among men.

A weekly journal and a welcome family visitor like the *Ploughman* exercises no more than its natural right in emphasizing a day like Christmas above all the other days of the year. It enters all homes with offers of good wishes and expressions of friendly cheer. Its coming is a reminder, on the one hand, of the passing of the years whose steady current bears us all on together, and, on the other, of the pleasure which is to be found in these stated reunions and particular occasions of friendly greeting. And it usually brings with it a feast of good things appropriate to the time. Though it is not venerable in appearance, like the patron saint of the children who comes to them by the way of the chimney, it is nevertheless of good mature age, and if it does not speak "frosty," it means to speak "kindly."

Christmas is the children's season of all others. It celebrates the birth of the divine child at whose feet all Christendom now willingly worships. And as the richest gifts were brought to this child as it lay in its rude cradle, so does childhood everywhere claim and receive, as the testimony of all men, to the beauty of innocence, gifts that express something which is akin to the same feeling. If we make much of children on this occasion, we need but to look into our hearts to learn the reason why. That is not the least of many reasons for the peculiar endearment of the season to so many hearts in which childhood joins without a consciousness of what it is doing. To be truly children now, we wish all the same Merry Christmas which we expect to enjoy.

THE ACCOUNT OF THE CANAL.

The essay of Ferdinand de Lesseps in the January number of the *North American Review* on the interoceanic canal across the Isthmus of Darien, reads with all the fervor and brilliancy of a compressed romance. M. de Lesseps, in spite of his hard experiences in constructing the Suez Canal which is now in the full tide of successful operation, indulges in speculations and fancies that weave themselves into his subject as naturally as if he were a dreamer and a poet, instead of a man of real affairs and past seventy-five years of age at that. He ventures to put the query whether King Solomon's ship sailed up the Amazon, and whether the red men of the American Continent are descendants of the Egyptians.

Much that he says so delightfully has no real connection with his subject, yet none of his readers would have it unsaid. He says of the Paris Congress, which was convened on the subject of a canal, that it was "a monument of science erected in a fortnight." He likewise says that the French explorations "furnish all that is wanting to an exact knowledge of the American Isthmus throughout its entire length," and that "the Panama canal will be easier to begin, to finish, and to maintain than the Canal of Suez." All that is a great deal to say, but it is evident that de Lesseps meant to say it so well as to leave a positive and permanent impression on his readers. In this he will prove successful beyond a doubt, yet he will hardly succeed in taking our slow and plodding American surveyors quite off of their feet.

The Frenchman evidently designs to carry his plan with a brilliant dash. He is impatient of the old and cautious methods, and is perhaps the only person in the world who may claim to be excused on this ground, because he has constructed a canal before. He openly opposes the Nicaraguan plan because it cannot be made sufficiently straight to take large ocean steamships through. And he says there must be numerous locks, besides much trouble in working them, causing great delays. Not only this, but these locks, he says, will be liable to be broken up by earthquakes, which are far from uncommon in that region. What he advocates is a tide-water canal, in which locks can be dispensed with, such as is perfectly feasible by the Panama route, along which the Panama railroad already runs.

Admiral Ammen, of the Navy, is the most active advocate and friend of the Nicaragua route at the present time. He was appointed by President Grant in 1872 on the American commission to execute a survey of the different routes and to make a report, the latter being rendered in 1876. This is the canal project whose president it is designed to make Gen. Grant. The Colombian Government offers a ten per cent. grant to the Panama Company, and M. de Lesseps frankly states that he "has assumed the responsibility of the enterprise, and no one else has any responsibility whatever." It is not easy to say just now which of these two routes for an interoceanic canal will be finally selected, but we think the American survey will not be hurriedly overlooked by capitalists.

AFGHANISTAN TROUBLES.

The Queen of England is reported to be in so much trouble over the precarious condition of the British troops in Afghanistan, that she seriously doubts whether she will follow any further the lead of the Ministry in its management of affairs. There are rumors afloat that it is the intention of the natives to combine to overwhelm the British forces, and destroy what army there is, in their front. It would be a terrible disaster to the English pride, and might involve sudden and serious complications with Russia. One thing is very certain, namely, that England is in a bad fix in that distant country, and will in all likelihood have to go in deeper before she thinks of retreating.

There are some seven millions of inhabitants in Afghanistan, or twice and a half as many as there were in the American colonies when they resisted the rule of George the Third. It is more difficult for the British Government to transport an army to distant Afghanistan now than it was to send one across the Atlantic to the coast of America then. It is true, the troops are taken chiefly from India, but that is only a temporary convenience. Only let the war be sufficiently prolonged and destructive, and recruits would have to be sent from home to fight the native Afghans. They are far from being a quiet and industrious race; on the contrary, they possess an independent spirit, and are of a warlike disposition. They acknowledge no ruler but the one who for the time holds them in actual subjection. There is nothing like nationality among them, and for that reason foreign invasion at first becomes an easy task.

After all the tribes, however, once realize that they are alike in danger from the foreigner, then they rise and unite in a common and a fierce resistance. It is in about that condition that England is in to-day in Afghanistan. She has stirred up the different tribes till she has succeeded in uniting them, and their resistance is something in which for the moment her forces are unable to cope successfully. The invasion was one not to be defended on any grounds compatible with the rules of civilization. Orders were issued from London to the Viceroy in India to frame some sort of an excuse for the invasion of Afghanistan, and then to invade it. And the orders were strictly obeyed, with what results we can see already. Cabul was captured after a time, and Shere Ali, the Ameer, fled to the Russians for protection and finally died.

Then his heir was set up by England, with an agreement to sustain him if he would sell out to her the sovereignty of the whole country. He was left without force enough to sustain him, and therefore could not deliver the goods he had contracted to. Then the Afghan tribes came forward as a united people, so to describe them. They came down in swarms from the mountains round about, all ready to crush the little British force which is beleaguered at Sharpur. It is at bay in the presence of superior numbers. It is hemmed in on every side. The Zulus were at no time united against England, for they had petty tyrannies of their own which they preferred to see destroyed; but the Afghans feel and know that, for themselves, the issue is whether they shall continue to remain independent or be subjected like the neighboring people of Hindostan.

The Lively Streets.—The snowfall of Monday only served to make things livelier in the streets, and to cause the seeing and buying throngs to crowd closer before the brilliant shop-windows and at all points where Christmas displays are the order of the day. The scene is one of unusual activity, and would inspire everybody with a feeling of pleasure. The holiday buyers wear very different faces from the other buyers of the year. They are in quest, not of necessary things, but of what will impart pleasure to friendship and excite increased affection among relations. Those who serve the public at this time in the stores and behind the counters do hard work indeed, the burden that is laid upon them being a heavy one. Yet they appear full as happy as the rest, and unite in making the merry Christmas everywhere.

Longer Days.—We have passed the shortest day in the year, and may now begin to look for the steady increase in their duration. The working hours will therefore start to lengthen out, leaving less time every day, or rather every night, for sleep and dreams. We are all of us glad of the daylight, and do not care just how much we get of it. The time to study is in the day, and night is for sleep and the recuperation of the faculties. If we required for all purposes as much sleep in summer as we do in winter there is no doubt we should have had matters arranged for us differently. Let us not forget to sleep all we need, but it is equally necessary to remember that sunshine is our living friend, and that we can scarcely get too much of it. The winter nights are long enough, any way.

Parting the Hair. At a recent meeting of College alumni, attended by 225 persons, their ages varying from 25 to 70 years, the statistics of hair-parting was taken, with a special view to see how many parted their hair in the middle The number who followed this practice was found to be 43, and all but four of these were under 35 years old. There were 61 others who parted their hair a little to the left, or half way between the medium line and that usually followed. The majority of these were men of middle age. It is stated that none but a left-handed man ever parts his hair on the right side, while most right-handed persons part their hair on the left side. There are reasons, apparently scientific, which are given for these peculiarities, but they are hardly worth going into.

The Railroad Mania.—New railroad schemes are pushed forward with wonderful energy, at the present time, from Lake Superior to the Mexican boundary. It is a mistake to confound railroad prosperity with the prices of stocks on the Exchange. We can see it in the fact that, although there was a partial collapse in railway shares on the Exchange last month railroad enterprises themselves have suffered no visible checks or reverses. The building of railroads may in some cases be going on faster than actual necessity requires, and we may expect to see the customary misfortunes attending it; but as a whole, the activity in this direction is no greater than the times warrant, for we are engaged in doing continental work at this time and it cannot be done any too fast.

Farmers' Institute.—The third Institute of the Essex Agricultural Society will be held at Lawrence, in Saunders' Hall, on Friday, December 26th. At 9 o'clock, A. M., an address will be delivered by Charles L. Flint, Esq., Secretary of the Massachusetts State Board of Agriculture, on the "Advantages of the Massachusetts Agricultural College in the Education of Farmers," and questions and discussions will follow. At 1 o'clock, P. M. a paper will be read by J. D. W. French, Esq., of North Andover, on the "Production and Sale of Milk in Essex County," to be followed by questions and discussions. The occasion is expected to be one of unusual interest, and farmers, and all others who may be interested in these questions, are cordially invited to be present and take part in the proceedings.

Speed in Railway Trains.—Notwithstanding the increase in the speed of railway trains in France and Germany, the rate is still below that of several lines in England. For instance, the "lightning train" on the Paris-Marseilles Line makes the distance of 449 miles between these two cities in 15 hours and 21 minutes, the average speed, including stoppages, being 35 miles an hour. The express train on the Lehrter Railway runs from Berlin to Cologne at the rate of 37½ miles an hour, including stops, making the entire distance of 354 miles in 9 hours and 26 minutes. The Scottish mail leaves Euston square at 8.50 in the evening and reaches Edinburgh at 6.45 the next morning. The distance is 401 miles, the time 9 hours and 55 minutes, the rate of speed, including stops, 41¼ miles an hour. The express from King's Cross runs to Edinburgh, a distance of 397 miles, in 9½ hours, or at the rate of 42 miles an hour, including stops. This is doubtless a much higher rate of speed than the usual schedule time on roads in the United States. The Washington limited express leaves New York at 10 A. M. and reaches Washington at 4 P. M. The distance, 230 miles, is made in 6 hours, or at the rate of 38⅓ miles an hour, including stops. Between New York and Philadelphia but two stops are made; the rate of speed is 40 miles an hour. The Boston express, which leaves this city at 11 A. M., runs to Boston, 233 miles, in 7 hours and 11 minutes, which is about 42 miles an hour, including the six stops that are made. The special mail and express train on the New York Central and Hudson River road makes the distance at night between New York and Albany, 143 miles, in 4 hours and 5 minutes, or nearly 6 miles an hour. Only one stop is made.

Government Bonds.—Within a term of six months from this time, there will be redeemable $740,000 000 of United States bonds, of which over $273,000,000 bear interest at 6 per cent., and the remainder at 5 per cent. It will be the duty of Congress during its current session to provide for the redemption of these bonds. The Secretary of the Treasury has some powers in the case, however, which are as yet unused. The original refunding acts authorized as the maximum issue of 4 per cent. bonds $1,300,000,000, and bonds of this description have already been issued to the extent of $1,398,000,000. There remains, therefore, $102,060,000 worth of 4 per cent. bonds which may be issued for refunding purposes, under the law of 1879.

The New Tunnel Line.—The new road known as the Boston, Hoosac Tunnel and Western Railroad, was opened to traffic on Saturday last by the passage of a train, containing passengers over the whole length of the road. This line connects with the Albany and Susquehanna and the Rensselaer and Saratoga roads at Schenectady and thus with the Erie road and the West. That is as much as will be done at the present time, although it is in contemplation to expend not less than $15,000,000 for the construction of a road parallel to the New York Central and terminating at Lake Ontario and Lake Erie. The claim is that this amount, expended in so judicious a way, will supply equal facilities with $90,000,000, that is now furnished by the New York Central. There is hard work for a rival road to do, but it is to be borne in mind that there is a vast amount of traffic from the interior to the seaboard, and that it is every year increasing.

Worn Out Judges.—What use to make of a class of men, perhaps not very numerous, who have been displaced from a long career of public usefulness by the limitations of the law rather than of their faculties, has for some time been a problem with many minds. It has recently been suggested, at a meeting of the Bar Association of the State of New York, that such judges should be required to act gratuitiously as referees in cases where they are agreed upon by parties or appointed by the court. It is pronounced by the Albany Law Journal an excellent suggestion. In this way, it says, the public could to some extent avail itself of their learning and experience, and something would seem to be returned also for their pensions. It expresses the belief that such judges would be much resorted to by suitors in cases, not referable by compulsion, and one of the chief objections to the reference system, namely, its expensiveness, would in a great measure be obviated.

The Edison Light.—Mr. Edison proposes to give a public exhibition of his light on New Year's Eve, when the public will have an opportunity to know for itself whether he has conquered the difficulties which impeded the final consummation of his invention. It is asserted by those who have been admitted to the laboratory of Mr. Edison, that the new lamp of his invention is a fixed fact, that it burns steadily and continuously, and that it gives a soft light that is easily regulated. The light is not an intense glare, like the Brush and other lights, but a soft and steady light, which may be used anywhere and promises to come into use in dwellings. The cost of supporting it will be a minimum, though there will, no doubt, be additional improvements.

Electric Light for Ships.—The Iuman steamship, the City of Berlin, which arrived in New York from Liverpool a day or two ago, is the first vessel upon which a practical test has been made of the serviceability of the electric light. In this case the illumination was confined to the cabins of the vessel, and the passengers, who were mightily witnesses of the experiment, seem to be unanimous in their opinion that the trial was, in every way, a success.

Taking the Census.—The census committee of the Senate has reported a bill to amend the section of the census law which contains an inquiry relating to the ownership of the public debt of the United States, by whom owned and the respective amounts, by omitting those inquiries; also, an amendment requiring the enumeration to commence on the 1st of June next, and requiring the enumeration to made in cities having over 10,000 population in two weeks.

Vermont Railroad Traffic.—All of the Western traffic that comes through Canada over the Grand Trunk road or other roads comes over the Vermont lines; and if it is through traffic passes on to Boston. The Central Vermont line has three outlets to Boston—at White River Junction via the Northern Road, at Bellows Falls via the Cheshire and Fitchburg roads, also via the Connecticut and Fitchburg roads.

A Railroad Proposal.—It is rumored that Mr. Vanderbilt proposes to build a branch from the Harlem Railroad at a point two miles north of Croton Falls to a point two miles east of Brewsters, and that he has offered to give the branch road to the New York and New England Company if that company will abandon Brewsters Station and make its entrance into New York city over the Harlem Railroad.

THE SYRACUSE CHILLED PLOUGHS.

Every farmer should send for the pamphlet circular setting forth the points and merits of the Syracuse Chilled Plough, issued by Whitman & Barnes Manufacturing Co., 29 & 32 South Market street, B ston. This house is the New-England agent of the Syracuse Chilled Plough Company, which has been most enterprising and successful in the manufacture and introduction to the great farming interests of the United States, of their improved Plough, which will bear comparison with any manufacturers in the market. Their first plough was made in 1876, and the number already made and sold by them is in the neighborhood of 40,000, a most wonderful business success, considering the depression of the times, which, however, it is believed have not affected the agricultural implement business so much as many others. In preparing for the new life now commencing for all the industrial and commercial interests of the country this company have greatly enlarged their works to meet the increased demands for their improved work. The number already sold and in use, to the entire satisfaction of the purchasers, justifies the praises which have been passed upon their work.

Besides this, numerous competition trials have proved beyond a doubt that they will do everything claimed for them, while the best and most substantial quality of work, and the simple but ingenious character of the mechanical devices adopted, secure durability and capacity for the hardest work. They call especial attention to the shape and strength of the beam, which does not check and warp by the action of the sun. The Patented Adjustable Malleable Clevis, simple and strong; the Patented Adjustable Handles, according to the height of the operator; the Patented Adjustable Chilled Wheel Axle, giving assurance of the greatest permanence and durability, a perfect jointer, and the Patented and most perfect Chilled Mould Board, which they claim to be stronger and to scour better than any heretofore made. The perfect fitting of all the parts, the matchless finish and most substantial mechanism. The fact that every one is warranted to give satisfaction, will be particularly noticed by all in want of a plough. See advertisement.

Parting the Hair. At a recent meeting of College alumni, attended by 225 persons, their ages varying from 25 to 70 years, the statistics of hair-parting was taken, with a special view to see how many parted their hair in the middle The number who followed this practice was found to be 43, and all but four of these were under 35 years old. There were 61 others who parted their hair a little to the left, or half way between the medium line and that usually followed. The majority of these were men of middle age. It is stated that none but a left-handed man ever parts his hair on the right side, while most right-handed persons part their hair on the left side. There are reasons, apparently scientific, which are given for these peculiarities, but they are hardly worth going into.

READ AND RUN.

— For woman, somebody says, the ballot would not be long enough for a belt nor be big enough for a bustle.

— The last year of greatest sun spot frequency was 1870, and the next should begin also at the end of 1880, or early in 1881.

— Silver jewelry is the latest thing in favor.

— The French law makes no recognition of promises to marry.

— Charles Reade, the English novelist, will not come to America because of his dread of sea-sickness.

— They have a saying that Cuban revolutionists are ever so active as soon as they reach New York.

— There was a conference of the railroad kings in Philadelphia last week.

— Vessels from the northern ports of the United States are no longer quarantined in Italy.

— The bookstores are especially brilliant with their attractive and valuable gifts for the season.

— The Italian population is steadily working its way into Southern France.

— The State librarian wishes the State Library to secure complete files of the local newspapers of the Commonwealth for preservation.

— The buildings of Chicago are beginning to suffer from the smoke of her manufactories.

— The question of public parks is again exciting attention in the press of Boston.

— The Berkshire County Poultry Show last week, at North Adams, was a very marked success.

— Eighty young ladies have applied for instruction at Harvard next year.

— Typhoid fever is raging in Upper Siberia, and Russia has permitted the opening of subscriptions at Warsaw for the benefit of the distressed.

— Ismail Pasha, ex-Khedive of Egypt, is reported very ill.

— There is said to be danger that the State debt of Tennessee will be repudiated.

— Navigation has been much impeded of late in the upper Hudson by floating ice.

— An insane man at Saco, Me., upset the stove and lamps in the depot, setting fire to the building, in which he was himself burned to death.

— A number of New Yorkers are going to Aspinwall to meet M. de Lesseps in relation to the Panama Canal business.

— The iron trade exhibits renewed activity, and large contracts have been made for delivery during 1880. Many mills have refused further orders.

— The United States Consul at Liverpool reports that the imports from the United States to Great Britain, for the last year exceed those of the previous year by over $55,000,000.

— Congress took a long vacation until after January 6th.

— St. Paul, Minn., sends fifteen hundred dollars for the relief of the poor in Ireland.

— The Millers' Exposition, to be held in Cincinnati in June next, promises to be in every way successful.

— An African proverb says that the idle are dead, but cannot be buried.

— Who, in fifteen years, has been the loser by holding the note of a national bank?

— Mr. Parnell said in a speech at Queenstown, before sailing for this country, that he was coming to America to show that the hearts of the Americans would beat warmly for the Irish.

— The Paris *Temps* says that Mr. John Bright's ideal is that of a State without an army except of policemen.

— The recent reported victory of the Peruvian and Bolivian forces over those of Chili is denied by way of London.

— A circular has been issued by the revolutionary committee of Russia, in which the removal of the Czar from the throne is threatened unless he provides a constitution for Russia.

— It is said that several committees and subcommittees will meet in Washington during the holiday recess, to push forward the work for the next session of Congress, so that it may be made a brief session.

— Mr. G. W. Childs says that Gen. Grant will not accept the Presidency of the Nicaragua Canal Company.

— The cold wave closed navigation on the Hudson from Albany to Rhinebeck.

— Secretary Sherman, Gen. Sherman, and Mr. George Augustus Sala were among the speakers at the annual dinner of the New England Society, in New York, on Monday night.

— The bullet with which Charles De Young shot Mr. Kalloch, in San Francisco, was not extracted until Monday last.

— A meeting in a Presbyterian church at Pittsburg, Penn., a few nights ago, ended in a general riot.

— Gen. Grant's reception at Philadelphia may in all senses be termed an ovation.

— An old importing merchant, just deceased, left by will a positive request that his body be embalmed, placed in an iron coffin and sealed, and then sent over to Milan for cremation.

— It is reported that an arrangement has been made looking to the re-establishment of the former relations of the three European Empires—Russia, Germany, and Austria,—under new conditions.

— The allies burned the nitrate city of Iquique, in Peru, and blew up their fortifications before leaving it.

— A resolution is before Congress to restore to the public domain all lands granted by Congress to aid in the construction of certain railroads, which have not been carried under the grants.

— Gen. Grant has assured Admiral Ammen that he will positively accept the Presidency of the Nicaragua Canal Company, as soon as the capital and the concessions necessary were secured.

— The next National Republican Convention, will be held in Chicago, June 3d.

— Rev. Mr. Talmage's case before the Long Island Synod has been the interest of the week past in Brooklyn.

— Crystallized forms of carbon have been found in the St. Rollix Chemical Works, in Scotland, which are pronounced to be diamonds.

— The war office of Great Britain is considering the advisability of sending reinforcements to Afghanistan.

— The Duke of Edinburg plays on a violin.

— Milwaukee has been suffering from fires within a week past.

— The snow came down in good Christmas fashion on Monday last, and there has been some good sleighing.

— Cincinna i places a great deal of hope in her new Southern Railroad.

— It is suggested, as one way to settle the railroad question that all roads be compelled to make public regular statements of their operations.

The alarm in England over the Afghan disasters appears to be a serious matter.

— The property stolen from the stable of ex-Judge Hoar, of Concord, has been found in Wallingford, Conn.

— The widow of Cashier Barron, of the Dexter, Me., Savings Bank, has received from insurance companies about $10,000, and from bank officers and other sympathizers with her late husband, some $6,000 more.

— It was a true Forefathers' snowstorm at Plymouth, on Monday, and duly recognized there as such.

— It is proposed to erect a cotton factory at Garvin's Falls, in the South part of Concord, N. H.

— The United States Court has decided to grant an injunction, restraining the post office authorities from interfering with the mails, and requiring them to return to the writers the letters addressed to lottery dealers.

— J. C. Flood is reported to have retired from stock operations in San Francisco.

— The London weeklies come out in full strength for Christmas.

— An invasion by American filibusters is reported from Mexico.

— Chief Ouray, of the Utes, has accomplished his mission, and the Indians have accepted his ultimatum.

— Last week was an uncommonly pleasant one for the society people of Washington.

— Marimon is the present favorite with the opera-going public of New York.

— The lively and energetic republic, Santo Domingo, is passing through another revolution.

— A French electrician finds two serious objections to the practicability of the new Edison electric light.

— A good many letters and messages from children have been sent to Santa Claus this season.

— The incandescence of paper in a vacuum says a New York journal, is certainly a solution of the problem not to be credited to anybody but Mr. Edison.

— Addresses at Christmas festivals should be brief, but above all they should be cheerful.

— If it is of any particular interest to mention it, Tennyson continues the habit of wearing his hair long.

— The highest rent ever paid for a store on Broadway, New York, is said to have been $60,000 a year.

DANGER SIGNALS.

Five eminent men have died within the past few weeks of Bright's Disease, and many more will soon die of the same fearful destroyer because they do not take Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure, the only sure remedy for this and other kidney and liver diseases. dec27-2t

SUMMER'S HEAT

relaxes the system and renders us liable to attacks of diarrhœa, dysentery, bloody-flux, cholera-morbus, cramps in stomach, colic, and other painful and dangerous affections for which Dr. Pierce's Compound Extract of Smart-Weed —compounded from the best French brandy, Jamaica ginger, smart-weed, cayenne pepper, anodynes, soothing and healing gums and balsams, is a most potent specific. It is equally efficacious in breaking up colds, fevers, and inflammatory attacks. Every household should be supplied with it. Fifty cents by druggists.

FROM HELL TO HEAVEN.

Sometimes the pains of disease are so great that it seems as if they could not be borne, and sometimes the minor pains worry men and women into the grave by preventing rest and sleep. Then the soothing influence of Warner's Safe Nervine is like a translation from hell to heaven. dec27-2t

A LADY'S WISH.

"Oh, how I do wish my skin was as clear and soft as yours," said a lady to her friend. "You can easily make it so," answered the friend. "How?" inquired the first lady. "By using Hop Bitters, that makes pure rich blood and blooming health. It did for me, as you observe." Read of it. dec27-2t

CURE FOR COUGH OR COLD.—As soon as there is the slightest uneasiness of the Chest, with difficulty of breathing, or indication of Cough, take during the day a few "*Brown's Bronchial Troches.*"

☞ The Syracuse Chilled Plow Co. are building large additions to their factory.

☞ That eminent doctor, Germain See, of Paris, declares that out of fifty-two cases of rheumatism treated by him solely with Salicylate of Soda, all but one were cured within three days after the first dose. These cases included the worst chronic and acute forms, and forty-four were in hospital. He also treated, with Salicylate of Soda alone, twenty cases of acute and chronic gout, with entire success, in from three to fifteen days. Such is the testimony of the powers of Schlumberger's Salicylate of Soda. dec13-2teow

☞ *The New York Stock Market* is attracting general attention throughout the country, owing to large amounts of money recently made; parties wishing to remit should send to Taylor & Co., 42 Exchange Place, New York, who invest small sums. *The New York Trade Reporter says*: "Taylor & Co., who have an extensive reputation and been in business for nearly a quarter of a century, have a wide and successful experience in Stocks and Monetary Affairs generally." Send for their financial circular. ni-cow 4t.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, after having tested its wonderful curative power in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. W. SHERAR, 149 *Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.* 13

☞ A lady after reading Mrs. Wiley's statement came to our store and bought a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla for her mother who lives in Maine, saying she was a great sufferer from Scrofulous sores and must be even worse than Mrs Wiley was, if possible. A few days since she came for two bottles more, said her "mother hadn't felt so well for years, and it is helping her wonderfully." Sold by druggists. C. I. HOOD & Co., Lowell, Mass.

THE PROOF OF THE PUDDING IS IN THE EATING.

Grocerymen and storekeepers pay 3 to 5 cents a pound extra for butter made with Gilt-Edge Butter Maker. It increases production 6 to 10 per cent.; reduces labor of churning one-half; gives a rich golden color the year round. Sold by druggists, grocers, general storekeepers. Send stamp for "Hints to Butter-Makers." Address, Butter Improvement Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

☞ Chew Jackson's Best Sweet Navy Tobacco

HORSE POWERS.

A RIDE TO MIDDLETOWN, VT.—A. W. GRAY'S SONS FACTORY—THE MODEL AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENT WORKS—A DESCRIPTION OF THE SAME—WHERE THE MACHINES ARE SENT TO—A CHAPTER ON THE WORKMEN—A. W. GRAY THE ORIGINATOR OF THE WORKS—PRESENT OWNERS, A. Y. GRAY & L. GRAY.

On a fine October day not long since, a reporter of the *Herald* spent a day at the works above named, and will now give our readers the result of his observations. Leaving Poultney, Vt., at an early hour in the morning behind a spanking carriage team, the winners of the first silver cup at our County Fair, we, with their owner, President Barkley of the Washington County Agricultural Society, followed the Poultney river in its windings through the mountains until at the distance of about eight miles the strip of interval along the river opened out into the beautiful valley where the

VILLAGE OF MIDDLETOWN

with its once famous and healing springs is situated. During the entire distance the road follows in close proximity the winding of the stream as it seeks the easiest outlet from its mountain-girt source to the lowlands of Washington County, and finally loses itself to the soft-sounding Mettowe or Granville river, and then uniting itself with the historic Wood Creek it loses itself in Lake Champlain at Whitehall, helping of course at last to swell the waters of the ocean at Lawrence in its course to the Northern Atlantic.

The road is magnificent, almost like a floor, covered with gravel from the brook, lining up the stream it is of course slightly winding, but as we follow it up in its windings through among the lofty hills of the Green Mountains, one is surprised to see with what dexterity all heavy ascents are avoided. It would be well if the engineers of roads in other countries would take a few lessons from the architects of this. It would be a benefit to the travelers who should want to use the roads. We can not well describe to use the beauty of the scenery. From the river back across the fields, up the hills to their backgrounds of summits, it is one wide panorama of pleasant pictures. The hills themselves are covered by their trees with wood, hence their name, "Green Mountains." Now in the first days of fall while as yet the trees hold all their leaves, the hills are clothed in a variegated garb of green, russet and brown, as the leaves of the hickory, oak, ash and maple are changing their color in preparation for annual fall. Along the road at short distances apart in the interval are situated spacious and comfortable farm houses and farm buildings, which are the home of well-to-do and prosperous farmers, while at distances of two and three miles apart are nice school houses, many of them tastefully built and decorated. On either hand near the road we see the evidence of thrift in the farmers by the heavy shocks of the corn, the stubble of the harvest fields and the thick, green carpet of the meadows and pastures. The ground and the surface is almost parched, but still the lands show the productiveness of the soil in the hands of careful tillers.

At the end of this ride we reached a pleasant village of eight hundred or a thousand inhabitants, situated mostly on the west side of the river, where we find the works whose name is given at the head of this article. Nestled in here among the hills a shop is situated, from which are turned out each year

NINE HUNDRED AGRICULTURAL MACHINES

which find a market all through New York, New England, Canada, Nova Scotia, the southern and western States, and not only in these several countries, but as a reference to their books will show, they have a trade with Cuba, Brazil and other South American countries. In addition to this, they make large shipments to Mexico, Liverpool, Gerstal, Turkey and to Odessa on the Black Sea. It is thus seen that their trade and reputation is world wide. An Agricultural Review that can alike commend itself to the cold, calculating Yankee, Mexican from the South American half-breed, the fiery Englishman, the phlegmatic German, the self-sufficient Turk, and the ignorant serf of Southern Prussia, must possess many and varied qualifications to meet the requirements of so many and such different types of men. Among these are economy of cost and power when in use that would be required to satisfy the Yankee. While your modern man, reckless of everything

thought at first that such a union would be impossible, but it is plain that when they pass into the hands of men who differ so widely as the intelligent and school-taught Yankee does from the ignorant half-breed South American Indian, giving satisfaction to both, that there must be qualities which are understood and appreciated by both.

It is our desire, if possible, to make it plain to our readers how this combination of economy and simplicity in cost and use is coupled with the unequaled power to perform a great amount of work in a given time which these machines possess. On comparing their price list with that of the price lists of corresponding machines of other make and like size and capacity, we find there is a difference in the first cost of only twenty-five per cent, in favor of these, and of more than that in favor of others, while, as we shall see by and by, performance is absolutely unparalleled.

Having these several points in order, we will proceed to enumerating the following articles, viz: Horse powers, threshers, separators, cleaners and wood saws, both circular and drag saws, together with trucks on which to move and work them as those on which the Messrs. Gray mainly devote themselves. The Horse Power, which is the moving power of all their machinery and the one on which in its proportions and manner they have devoted the work of a life time, is a treat power. It is made for one, two or three horses, as more or less power is desired. The shop, which is the home and birthplace of these machines, is situated here on the river, which is dammed so as to give them the whole power of the stream. This is used under a twenty-five foot head in a large turbine wheel, giving in this way an immense power, sufficient much of the time for these works, but it is supplemented in the dry weather by an engine of forty horse power. Steam pipes from the boiler warm the office and the different floors of the shop, thus dispensing with fires to the great saving of danger by fire and in the cost of insurance. The fine wastes up the chips, sawdust and shavings from the shops, in this all are usefully making a saving in the cost of heating for the refuse, while at the same time it is a useful fuel for power.

The main shop is about ninety feet front by one hundred feet deep, two stories and a loft in height, and connected on three sides by other shops and warehouses used for various purposes in connection with the business. In his are six or eight other large pieces of two and three floors each. It will be seen at once that here is ample power, ample room, and that the expense of insurance, cost of power, and expense of taxes, are a mere bagatelle. The having in these three alone, between this shop located here as it is off the line of railroads, and that of a similar shop located in some large city, would be sufficient of itself to make a fine income in the business. Here then is one reason why the cost of producing these machines is less than that of many others. These machines are built mostly of wood, especial and hard maple. None but the best quality are used. These grow in great abundance on the hills that surround the city, some not more than a rifle shot distant; they are not only here in abundance, for every hill is wooded to the very top, but the timber is of the best quality. The oak or ash that has grown up from the stump to a large tree and held its head upright against the fierce gales that half the year sweep along the wind swept sides of these hills, must approach in toughness and excellence of fibre whalebone itself. Nature's process has here had its perfect work, and it is from timber so grown and so seasoned that this machinery is built; hence

LESS SIZE AND WEIGHT OF TIMBER

is required to give the necessary strength, to carry the machines both strong and light.

The location too makes the lumber cheap, as it is bought near where it grows, and the cost of taking it to a distant market is small. This is another item in the economy of building. The metal used here is brought in of course at some expense for cartage, but that does not form a very great part of the weight, especially as in these machines wrought iron takes the place of cast iron in many machines of the same class, while the tough, stiff, tough steel takes the place of cast iron. As for instance the links in the platform of this horse power are made of wrought iron and the very toughest and strongest kind at that. While the links of other machines with which we are acquainted are made of cast iron. The rods of the platform of these powers are steel, while smaller and lighter are stronger than the iron rods in use in other powers. This plan of using the very strongest and toughest timber and substituting steel for wrought iron, and wrought iron for cast iron, diminishes the weight of each power several hundred pounds, while the necessary stiffness and strength is preserved. In the shop there is also the same careful adaptation of the means to the end sought. In the first place machinery with its tireless arm takes the place in every possible case of human muscle. In addition to the saws, planes, lathes, etc., for both iron and wood that are common to all machine shops, special machines made expressly for the purpose are made and used for each operation performed here. Power is sent out into the shops in the yard to swing the hammers, blow the fires and use the shears at the blacksmith's forge. Elevators lift the men and material from one floor of the shop to another. It is the rule here to use machinery for every operation that is to be performed. Each part of every machine built here is constructed in the shops, and for the building of each part there is a special machine built expressly and adapted for that particular object. It is then evident that with all these advantages and with this adaptation of means to ends, it is possible to build machinery for a much less sum than where these advantages are not enjoyed.

We should not do justice to this description of these works and the surroundings, if we failed to mention the workmen, who stand day after day at these machines, many of whom have been here for a long series of years. Our readers will at once see that a large, well appointed manufactory here in a little village in this secluded valley of the Green Mountains, is filled with a very different set of workmen from a similar shop in one of the great marts of trade, and that difference is a factor of no mean importance in the question of cost as applied to the manufacture of machinery here or anywhere else. In proof of this we have only to site the case of the gigantic works of the Wood Mowing Machine Company, who having a large European trade of several thousand machines per year, thought they could open a factory in England, carry over their special machinery and their foremen, and manufacture them and thus save freight. A trial of two years taught them that without the workmen of their own shop it could not be done, and the shop there was closed. So much for the

DIFFERENCE IN WORKMEN.

The machines could be manufactured here and shipped there cheaper than they could be built there with the best workmen that England could furnish, even when using the same machinery and directed by the same foremen that were employed here. This was only another illustration, in another and fearful form, of the saying of the Spartan king, who having thrown down the walls of defense around the city, was questioned as to the danger to which he was exposing the city, said proudly: "The men of Sparta are its walls. Let us see the soldiers that can go over them." So the workmen of this country are the guaranty that it shall soon be the foremost manufacturing nation in the world; and it is in such shops as this that the American workman is seen at his best and in perfection.

Here are workmen standing at forges, and by lathes and planers, that have grown gray at their posts. These veterans in the fields of industry, are the heroes of a hundred peaceful conflicts. They are the men who own and of right should own the nice pleasant homes that make up this village. Many of them entered these works in the days of their youth, with high anticipations and hopes of the future. They here earned and built their homes. Here sons and daughters were born to them that have grown to manhood and womanhood, who have in turn become the heads of families. No danger of strikes among such workmen. Their interest and feelings are too nearly identified with that of their employers to allow of any such foolishness as that. This very identity of interest makes them invaluable to their employers. The interest of each is identical with that of the other. If these works should stop what then becomes of the pleasant homes that surround them and were built up out of the profits of these works? If these men who own the homes and fill the shops were foolish enough to leave, where then would the workmen come from to fill their places? If the work should fail, what then becomes of the village with its local market for the lumber and surplus products of the surrounding country?

Thus we see that the employers, the workmen and the surrounding community by the bands of a common interest form a triple alliance, where the parties not only stand shoulder to shoulder back to back, but are bound in many ways, neither party of which can afford to let the other fail. This combination is like the three-fold cord, not easily broken. As a proof that the statement is within the truth, we have only to refer to the books of the company to learn that during the last four years, a period of great depression beyond almost any other, when thousands of mills and factories were obliged to close their doors, the business of this company has never trembled. Had it not been for these advantages of economy in the first cost, and also in the amount of work performed by the machinery manufactured here, they could not have made any such showing.

It only remains now for us to speak of the owners and proprietors of these works. Of the men who long ago, poor in money, but rich in industry, economy, ingenuity and perseverance, here in a little seven by nine shop commenced the manufacture of these machines in a slow, laborious way, as was then the only known method of doing such work. The jack plane, the hand saw, the augur, chisel and mallet

WERE THE PRINCIPAL TOOLS

then used by the wood worker and human muscle was the propelling power. The common blacksmith's forge, the bellows worked by hand, the hand hammer, punch, cold chisel and file were the completement of the blacksmith's shop. In order to a better understanding of the difficulties of this undertaking, we must roll back the wheels of time forty years, to the year 1840, just at the time when our fifth national census was taken that showed a total population of seventeen millions only. Two-thirds of this population was to the east of the Alleghanies, and almost the whole of it this side of the Mississippi. Not a single State to the west of it except Missouri, while Michigan, Wisconsin, Iowa and Arkansas were just emerging from a territorial condition, while the vast plains to the west of them were a "terra incognita." The immense mineral wealth of gold, silver, etc., of the Rocky Mountains and California were as yet undreamed of. Texas was the "Lone Star Republic," and regarded as the very *ultima thule* of civilization. The means of communication through this extent of country, save along the great water-courses, were as primitive as the tools of the shops.

The mails crept along at a snail's pace by horse power, and nearly a month was required to carry a letter from one extremity of the land to the other. Railroads were slowly creeping back from the seaboard cities, but had not as yet come into general use. The famed Liverpool liners were then in their glory. They were the marvels of seamanship and speed of their time. They could with wind and weather favorable cross the Atlantic, carrying a burden of six or eight hundred tons with good luck in from three to four weeks, while common sailing vessels always carried provisions for three months, and might be expected to be fifty days on the way. The farmers had just laid aside the wooden plow. The hand hoe, hand rake and scythe were tools in common use; while

The Poet's Corner.

HIS BIRTHDAY.

BY LUCY LARCOM.

It is His birthday—His the Holy Child!
And innocent childhood blossoms now anew,
Under the dropping of celestial dew
Into its heart, out of this heavenlier Flower,
That penetrates the lowliest roof-tree bower
With fragrance of an Eden undefiled:
O, happy children, praise Him in your mirth,—
The Son of God born with you on the earth!

It is His birthday—His, in whom our youth
Becomes immortal. Nothing good, or sweet,
Or beautiful, or needful to complete
The being that He shares, shall suffer blight;
All that in us His Father can delight
He raves. He makes eternal as His truth.
Praise Him for one another, loyal friends!
The friendship he awakens, never ends.

It is His birthday—and this world of ours
Is a new earth, since He hath dwelt therein:
Is even as heaven, since One Life without sin
Made it a home: His voice is in the air:
His face looks forth from beauty everywhere;
His breath is sweetness at the soul of flowers;
And in him—joy beyond all joy of these—
Man wakes to glorious possibilities!

It is His birthday—and our birthday too!
Humanity was one long dream of Him,
Until He came; with fitful glow, and dim,
The altars heavenward smoked from vague desire,—
Despair half stifling aspiration's fire.
He is man's lost ideal, shining through
This life of ours, whereunto floweth His;—
God, interblent with human destinies.

It is His birthday—His, the only One
Who ever made life's meaning wholly plain;
Dawn is He to our night! No longer vain
And purposeless our onward-struggling years;
The Hope He bringeth over-floods our fears:—
Now do we know the Father, through the Son!
O earth, O heart, be glad on this glad morn!
God is with man! Life, Life to us is born!

—Good Company for January.

Ladies' Department.

THE ROMANCE

OF A

BACHELOR'S CHRISTMAS JOURNEY.

BY W. B. HAZELTON.

[Baltimore Weekly American.]

PART I.

TO GO, OR NOT TO GO.

I was just dropping off into a comfortable doze when there came a fierce ring at the door bell, and presently Sarah—I believe the bells all go ringing for Sarah—stumped into the room with a letter. I have always entertained the suspicion that Sarah is in the habit of taking off her feet at bedtime and putting them on again in the morning, for as long as she has been in my service, she seems never to have gotten quite used to them; and I am constantly afraid that some day she will leave them on the doorsill and come stumping into my presence without them. On this occasion she stubbed her toes against the sill, as usual; pitched forward like a ship in a storm; recovered her balance, with a little shriek of alarm; and, setting her sails again, bore down in my direction, with a faint blush visible on her figure-head. I rose from the lounge to receive her bill of lading, and when I saw that she had tacked about and got across the bar—that is to say, the door-sill—again in safety, I proceeded to examine it. The address was in a lady's hand-writing. Now, there is but one female in the whole world with whom I carry on a correspondence, and I recognized the superscription at a glance as that of my sister. The postmark, Chicago, was corroborative evidence. So I clipped off the end of the envelope without any of that fluttering of the heart which some men feel, I am ashamed to say, when they open a female letter, and extracted the contents. I will not trouble you with the matter-of-fact account which my sister gave of the health and temporal condition of the family, except to say that my sister's six children are always cutting their teeth, and are, therefore, a never-failing source of interest to their mother. The recitation of their latest achievements occupied, as I expected, the body of the letter, and was not until I reached the postcript, which is the only part of a woman's letter that is really worth reading, that I discovered the trap she had laid for me. Here it is:

"P. S.—I had almost forgotten to say, dear Jack, that we expect you to spend Christmas with us. I intend to hold you to your promise of last summer, when you said, sir, that you would come 'if we threw a wife into the bargain.' Now, that is just what we propose to do. Don't give yourself any unnecessary alarm, for I daresay she won't have such a crusty old bachelor as you say you are, sir; but if you don't fall heels over head in love with my young lady, I shall admit that you are the unreasonable person you pretend to be. Who this young lady is, and whether she is as good as she is pretty, you shall learn for yourself. Now, don't write me a stupid letter about the pressure of business, unforseen engagements, troublesome investments, and all that. I won't believe a word of it; and if you care anything about your sister, sir, you'll come on and square accounts with me. I'll have a good dinner on, and some of that old port you used to be so fond of. Come, Jack, for I am just dying to see you, and the children have set their hearts upon hearing your famous stories, and exploring—the little scamps—your wonderful pockets. Whether you write or not, we shall expect you. Tom sends his regards. Your loving sister, BELLE."

She is a sly little lady, is my sister, and I dare say she has been plotting this mischief ever since last summer, when she inveigled me into a trip to Lake Superior, where the mosquitoes devoured me by night and the children preyed upon me by day. But I do don't remember having promised to make her a visit at Christmas—upon my honor I don't. That is an invention of her own, and as for a wife—why, I should have as soon thought of asking her to supply me with "an allegory on the banks of the Nile," as Mrs. Malaprop would say. What do I want with a wife? I wouldn't know what to do with her if I had one. I am very comfortable as it is, thank you. When I want company, there's my grate fire—confound that fire; it's always going out. Sarah! Why, confound the girl! she gone out, too. But, as I was saying, I'm very comfortable as it is. Friends? Bless your soul, there they are on the book shelves. There's Tom Hood—he's a particular friend of mine, and when I am out of humor, always puts me in again. And there's Thackeray—great man, Thackeray, only he knows me a little too well and has an uncommon frank way of pointing out my faults. I rather think he likes me all the better, however, for not being a saint. That ponderous fellow yonder, is my learned friend, Dr. Johnson. I have a profound respect for him; but his man, Boswell is—mark my words—a sneak, and on several occasions I have been sorely tempted to kick him down the stairs. As for little Pope—Well, I must say he amuses me vastly at times. He has such a patronizing way about him that I can't help laughing at him, the while I am tempted to pull his ears. He's very proud of his acquaintance with Lady Mary Wortley Montague, and I've a notion that the ladies are in the habit of taking him on their laps and feeding him with sugar plums. Still, my little man has a knack of turning off remarkably clever verses, and he's not a bad sort of chap when you get used to him. But Bacon—now, there's a great man for you. He's rather out of favor with the young nobs of my day, who associate him with the idea of pork-packing; but many's the pleasant evening I've spent with Bacon. That man is a regular treasure house of knowledge, and I'd rather trust his judgment than anybody's I know of. If Goldsmith had had as much "gumption," he never would have sold himself so cheap to the Grub street shops. Coleridge, Wordsworth, Shelley, Addison, Swift—I like an occasional chat with these old timers, and you should see how their eyes open when I show them the gorgeous editions which publishers now get out of favorite poets. They turn up their noses at Tennyson, but of course that's only envy. I find the laureate a very companionable fellow, and I don't wonder all the ladies fall in love with him. To tell the truth, though, it oftener suits my fancy to brood an hour or so with Hawthorne. He is a man after my own heart, and we understand each other perfectly. You would never think that a man who could conjure up such a gloomy fantasy as the "Scarlet Letter," could write such a sunny little sketch as "A Rill from the Town Pump," now, would you? Ah! he was a rare man; as simple hearted as a child, but gifted with a wonderful insight into the passions of the human heart. He hadn't Poe's subtle power of analysis, and was not, I think, so great a genius; but, alas! my friend Poe was as brilliant and as fugitive as Biela's comet. He never completed his orbit.

But I beg your pardon; of course, it's no concern of yours who my friends are, and I only mention them to show you that I don't need a wife for companionship. It is rather provoking, therefore, to have my sister twit me on the subject, and quote against me a remark of mine which, if made at all, was only intended as the veriest jest. I feel a hot blush reddening my cheeks as the thought occurs to me that perhaps she has repeated it to her young lady. Young lady! Who can this mysterious personage be? My sister is not usually given to reserve on such subjects, and, indeed, she has acquainted me from time to time, with the charms of all the eligible young ladies in her circle. The catalogue is quite extensive, but I am persuaded that it does not include the young lady in question. She is evidently a new discovery. Neither better nor worse, I'll wager, however, than her predecessors, in my sister's esteem. "Bah! women are all alike," I said to young Ritchie, who had just dropped in to have a good smoke with me, as he explained. "The only differences are those which the shoemakers record in their order books or the dressmakers are obliged to take into account in their measurements. I know them well; I have made a study of them, and I can tell you that, whether their eyes be blue or black, it is all one, when it comes to marrying them. I am an old bachelor, and don't know anything about it? Well, whose fault is that? There was a time, young man, when my linen was as faultless as your own, when I wore fierce moustachios and scented my hair; when Nicholas made my clothes—and charged two prices for them, too—and I laid in my hats at Brown's. In those days, sir, I wore the tightest and most uncomfortable boots Frenchy could make, and I took care that my man kept them in a high state of polish. Never, sir, was I seen on Charles street without gloves, and I was too well bred a gentleman to elbow my way through a crowd of ladies with a cigarette or cigar in my mouth. Think of that, you young cubs, the next time you take your afternoon promenade! Your elder sisters will tell you that I was famous for my gallantry to the ladies; that no one rode more gallantly to the hounds than I, or was oftener in at the finish; that it was I who usually led the german, and that I was the most clever hand at charades or private theatricals. Love affairs, sir? I have had them by the score. And favors? I could have shown you once a drawer full of faded rosebuds and forget-me-nots and ribbons and delicately scented notes that I dare say the writers have quite forgotten by this time. Burned them? Of course I did. Do you suppose a man of honor would preserve such sacred treasures for his housekeeper to rummage through when she gets a chance? but say; I think I did keep one or two. I ought to have tossed them into the fire with the rest, but—what are you sniekering at, sir? I was young and foolish then, like yourself. There's no danger that any eyes but mine will ever see them again. I have but to press this knob—the fellow who made this secret drawer understood his business. It is empty, you see. But wait a moment. That is a false bottom, young man; but when I lift it out—now own it a cunning contrivance! I suppose the joiner intended it for a jewel casket. There are my jewels—a bunch of violets, with but a tinge of color left; a moss rosebud, faded, like the violets; a blue ribbon; a locket—no, sir; you shall not open it. It contains a face I have seen that face.

Who was she? What right, sir, have you to ask? In my day such presumption would have cost you a caning. You meant no offence? Well, perhaps I was too hasty; but I feel, boy, as if I was standing in the presence of the dead. Dead she has been to me for many a winter. There was snow on the ground the very day we parted. You were in frocks, my lad. I remember trotting you on my knee to Bambury Cross. You would like to hear all about it—an old bachelor's romance? Well, draw up your chair to the grate. The fire's nearly out, as you see; but the ashes will form a fitting background to my story.

I was your own age, and, as I have told you, a wild young fellow like yourself. I had money and good looks, and an old family connection to give me an entrance into the best society. If I did not make a great match, it was not because of any lack of opportunity. I was petted by shrewd mammas, wined by sagacious papas, and favored by the bright glances of their daughters. But what man values good fortune when it is thrown at his head? I took all the petting of mamma, and drank the wines of papa, but I didn't fall in love with their daughters. Why? Perhaps I had just the faintest scruple about being disposed of at private sale; and perhaps because my heart was no longer mine to give. She was poor, sir; and I know very well *you* would commit no such imprudence as to fall in love with a girl without money. But she was a princess in everything but wealth. I loved her from the moment I first saw her; and I knew instinctively that the accomplishments of manner, and graces of speech which I could bring to my suit would be all too little to win her favor. My wealth, which would have been a sufficient recommendation with some, was no passport to her esteem. The social attentions which would have been prized by many she but valued as the courtesy which every well-bred gentleman is supposed to extend to the sex. She was as well read as I, and she had that faculty which all women possess in a higher degree than man, of adorning her conversation with the fragrant blossoms of the imagination. I knew that I was her equal in rank and education; but in her presence I became her inferior. At a distance I felt that I could adore her; at her side I marveled at my presumption. If I have said nothing about her beauty, it is because it was indescribable. There are faces whose charm I could enumerate without an error. I could tell you with absolute certainty the color of eyes and hair, the height of forehead, the curve of the eyebrows, the tone of the complexion, the contour of the cheek and chin, the lines of nose and mouth, and I might even venture an opinion as to the temper of your sweetheart. I am to this day unable to make such an analysis of *her* beauty. It dazzled me. I felt myself under its spell, but could not divine its origin. The light which perpetually danced in her eyes prevented me from noting their color. Her smile bewildered me with its radiance. She was no coquette, yet never was a coquette gifted with such powers of varying expression. Her features seemed to change with her speech, as an accompaniment follows the melody of a song. Could I have seen her face in repose, I fancy I could have discovered the secret of her mysterious beauty; but the opportunity never came.

But let us get on with the story. Probably I should never have known her better than other young men who sunned themselves in her smile, though with no thought of asking the hand of my princess—for have I not said she was poor?—had not a lucky accident befallen me. I had the good fortune, one day, to rescue a child from under the feet of a runaway team. It was a very simple thing, I assure you, and but the work of a moment. In those days I was afraid of nothing, and thought no more of danger in myself when I made a dash at the horses with one hand and caught the child with the other, than if I had been going to swing partners in a quadrille. The child's mother, however, came running up—a very ordinary person, indeed—and thanked me, with tears in her eyes and a good deal of brogue in her speech. I lifted my hat politely, at the same time wiping off the dust, and was about to resume my stroll down the street, when some one held out a pretty gloved hand and said, with a strange tremor, in her voice: "That was bravely done, sir, and I want to thank you, too." It was the princess.

Well, sir, having won her esteem, I quickly found the way to her heart. Excuse me if I pass over the happy period. For me all skies were blue, all days fair, all men honest. I proposed; I was accepted. The day was set for our marriage.

I was rudely awakened from this sweet dream of bliss. She wrote but a few lines, but they were terribly significant. "Dismiss me forever from your thoughts," she said, "as I will try to tear your image from my heart. I love you, but I cannot be your wife. Ask no explanation, for none can be given. It is the lot of some to suffer and innocently to be the cause of anguish to others. That lot is mine; and though the burden is heavy, I shall try to bear it with courage. Do you the same, and trust to time for your recompense."

There are some men upon whom sudden grief falls like a stroke of paralysis; there are some who eke out a miserable existence in lunatic asylums, sleek and hearty, but hopelessly imbecile; others again, of a light, elastic nature, recover quickly from the shock and console themselves in new pleasures. They suffer most who retain their strength of mind and health of body, but cannot forget.

But the Princess—she had disappeared as completely as if the earth had opened and swallowed her up. Did I ever penetrate the mystery? Oh! certainly; it all came out in a few weeks—how her father, who had been something or other in a bank, had forged a note and embezzled the funds and been forced to take to his heels. A daughter with such a father! She was too brave to abandon him and too proud to ask for help. Heaven knows how gladly I would have made good his losses and saved his honor; but she felt only the depth of her disgrace and the shame of an alliance with the daughter of a forger. Did I not seek her out? Sir, I was hot-blooded then, and her letter gave purpose to my passion. I had found out her retreat, with the aid of skilful detectives, before the officers knew of it. I wrote, begging her at least to accept my purse, if she refused my hand. My letters were returned unopened.

The tumult in my heart increased at this. I went in person. How well I remember that day! There was snow on the ground then, as now; and, as I passed a church, I saw that they were putting up the Christmas emblems. I was ushered into a shabby little parlor. Through the thin partition came the sound of voices—one of soft entreaty, the other of harsh refusal. Presently, the door opened, and once more the Princess stood before me. But, oh, how changed my boy! The light had gone out of her eyes, and the smile died away on her lips. I pressed her to my heart; she clung to me, trembling with grief, but tearless. On my knees, I implored her to reconsider her resolution. It was too late to save her father's honor; but I would pay his debts, and go with her to some new country, where we two might begin life anew. She pressed my hand, but refused. It was not, she said, that she failed to appreciate my love. She knew I would sacrifice everything to it, and she was proud to have such a lover. But for that very reason, nothing would ever persuade her to dishonor my name by linking it with hers. She would thank God that she had been so loved, and she would pray that I might forget her and marry some one worthy of me!

Here she broke down utterly, and for a few holy minutes she sobbed out her grief on my heart. But her resolution was irrevocable; and when I saw that it could not be shaken, and that I was only prolonging her suffering, I clasped her to my heart once more, kissed her for the last time, and went out into the black night. The church bells were ringing for Christmas Eve.

There's your story, my boy—an old bachelor's romance. Good night. Can you see your way out? Sarah will light you to the door.

I took up my sister's letter again. My sister knows that the memories of the past are more precious to me than any hope of future happiness can possibly be; how, then, can she have the heart to trifle? Yet she is evidently in earnest, and will no doubt expect me to play the gallant to this young lady. If I disappoint her it will spoil her Christmas; if I gratify her, it will spoil mine. Clearly, the only way out of this dilemma is to stay at come. Sarah, bring me pen and paper. I will write to her at once that I can't go.

PART II.

GOING.

"Tickets!"
"All the latest novels and magazines!"
"Gum drops! Prize packages!"
"Railway guide for December!"
"Oranges and bananas!"
"Newark—twenty minutes for dinner!"

I pulled my sealskin about my ears, turned up the collar of my ulster, and trotted up the platform in the direction of the dining-room. A colored gentleman stood swinging a cow-bell at the door with great solemnity, though in imminent danger of being converted into a snowman by the furious storm that swept down upon him through the open archway of the depot. The dining-room was a stately apartment, with a clock at one end and a cashier at the other. You might miss the train, but you couldn't escape the cashier.

"Roastbeefchickenvealandboiledhamcoffeeortea?"

"If you please."

A perfectly safe answer, for they will bring you what they please. On this occasion they were unusually gracious, and threw in the pickles and pumpkin pie.

"One dollar."

I handed the cashier a five-dollar bill, and was just about to conceal four dollars in ten cent pieces about my person, when I heard a lady exclaim, in just the faintest tone of alarm, "Oh, my purse!" Now if there is one thing that I despise in women more than another, it is their confounded careless ness about their purses. If I had a wife —which, thank Heaven! I have not—I would chain her pocket-book to her waist, and make her carry her money somewhere else.

"Where can it be? I must have left it in the cars."

"Madame," said I—for, although her veil was down, I perceived she was not a bad-looking person—"I beg you will allow me to relieve your embarrassment;" at the same time extending my portmonnaie—not the ten-cent pieces, you understand—and lifting my sealskin in my most gracious manner.

"Oh, thank you; you are very kind, I'm sure. It's so awkward, and indeed I can't imagine where I could have put it."

She did me the honor to accept my offer, and after that, of course, as it was still snowing fiercely and the car was at some distance, and the platform was slippery, and I happened to have an umbrella, and—well, as I have said, I detest women; but in this case it was certainly my duty to escort her to the train, and I did so. It was a great personal sacrifice; but where duty calls, I follow, as some one observes.

It was really lost. There's no doubt about it. The porter hadn't seen it, the conductor hadn't seen it, the newsboy hadn't seen it, the gumdrop and prize package fiend hadn't seen it, and the old lady in the next seat hadn't seen it. I didn't ask a fierce-looking man, who wore an immense diamond pin and a red necktie, if he had seen it, because —well, because I had a glimmering idea he had, and might regard the question as personal. I never wound a fellow-creature's feelings if I can help it. The lady was greatly distressed by the occurrence. She was on her way to spend Christmas with her friends in Chicago. Singular coincidence! so was I. Fortunately, she had given her ticket in charge of the Pullman car porter; but, of course, was quite without means to defray the incidental expenses of the journey. I suggested that as I, too, was going to Chicago, she could avail herself of my purse and repay me when she reached her friends. I made this suggestion in the most delicate way possible, and am glad to say that she was sensible enough to adopt it. Some women would have said "Oh, dear, no! Couldn't think of such a thing! A perfect stranger! etc., etc.," but intending all the while to accept in the end. She made no fuss about it whatever, yet accepted my offer with an air of well-bred politeness that made me feel as though she had done me a favor. Of course, I did not intrude myself further upon her notice, but I must own I began to feel a most shameful curiosity in regard to her. She still kept her veil down, but I knew from the silvery sweetness of her voice that she was not old, and from her perfect self-possession I half guessed she was no longer young. Who was she? None of my business! So I thought myself, and turned to my newspaper again. But somehow the news seemed never so dull, and the editorials never so stupid. Even a thrilling article in the New York *World* on the Egyptian obelisk failed to hold my attention, and when but half way through a leader in the *Herald* on the great American pie question, I fell fast asleep. In my younger days I should have keenly felt the humiliation of such an occurrence; but I have grown indifferent to appearances, and after a hearty dinner I must have my afternoon nap, as ordained by the by-laws of my constitution. So I dozed away in spite of jolts, and jars, and steam whistles, and air brakes, and passing trains, and memory carried me gently back to the days of my youth and my lost love.

* * * * * *

I awoke with a start. Something had happened. Undoubtedly, but what? The train had stopped. Of that I was certain. I tried to peer through the window into the gathering darkness, but an icy film had formed on the pane. The lamps had not yet been lighted, and the forms of my fellow travellers could be but faintly distinguished in the twilight. I threw my ulster over my shoulders and made my way to the platform. It was drifted high with snow, which still came down in clouds, and blown furiously over the tops of the car, threatened to entomb them in a white sepulchre. I swung myself out from the lower step and looked up the road. I could see a lantern or two darting hither and thither like a will-o'-the-wisp—nothing more. Presently a brakeman made his appearance, floundering wildly through the drifts. I hailed him. "What's up?" "Everything's up," said he; "Number Twenty's stuck fast in a snow bank, and there ain't no station nigher than five miles back. You'll have to make a night of it here, and we'll dig you out in the morning." How provoking! Now, if the train had run off the track and rolled down an embankment, or plunged through a drawbridge and given us a Russian bath, or collided with another train and telescoped the cars till we saw stars, why then the excitement would have been some compensation for the delay. But, to be penned up by a snow storm—a common snow storm that, if I was at home, I could hire a man to sweep off my pavement for twenty-five cents—and no chance to recover damages from the company, either; why, that is simply absurd! I'll not stand it—I'll— But my teeth began to chatter, and I was glad to exchange my post of observation on the platform for the warm interior of the car.

What was to be done? It was clear that we should get no supper—perhaps no breakfast—and, if our supply of fuel gave out, that we should freeze to death. Besides, I wanted to surprise my sister, and I must be in Chicago the day before Christmas. "Odds, railroads and risks," as Mr. Acres would say, "nothing shall stop me." I corralled the porter at the wood-box. "How long shall we have to stay here?" "Don't know, boss." "When will we arrive?" "Don't know, boss." "Will they give us any supper?" "Don't know, boss." "Any breakfast?" "Don't know, boss." "Got enough wood to keep up a good fire all night?" "Don't know, boss." Wretch! but, putting my hand in my pocket, I pulled out a silver dollar. "Do you know what that is?" "Right you are, boss." "Well, will you answer my questions, now?" "Right you are, boss." "Where are we, then?" "Five miles wrong side of Chicago junction." "Any train from there to-night?" "Right you are, boss." "Any way to get there?" "Right you are, boss." "How?" "Hire a sleigh, boss." I thought the young rascal was poking fun at me, and I made a motion to pitch him into the wood-box, but he saved himself by adding, "There's a farmhouse across the road, boss, and I reckon they'll rig you up a team if you're mighty pressed for time, but you ain't got none to lose, boss." I was about starting for that farm house when a queer idea came into my head. The lady—what about her? By accepting my purse had she not adopted me as a guardian for the time being? It would certainly not do to desert my charge. "Madame," said I, "the train is stuck fast in a snow bank, and I find we'll have to stay here until morning. The porter, however, says that by hiring a conveyance at a neighboring farm house I can possibly reach the junction, five miles up the road, in time to catch the night train. It's only a chance, of course, and the other train may be snowed up too, but I've got to be in Chicago to-morrow, and I'm going to make the effort. I'm a total stranger to you, madame, and I know it's quite a rash thing to propose, but if you don't mind roughing it a little you might find it more comfortable in the end to take the chances with me." I dare say some of you young fellows could have put it more elegantly; however, after a moment's hesitation, she said she thought she would make the venture, only, if the snow was so deep as I said it was, she didn't see how she should ever get to the sleigh. "We'll fix that," I replied, and off I started. It was pretty tough work making my way across country; but I could see the lights in the window plain enough, and in a quarter of an hour I had gotten the farmer out of the dining-room, induced him by the offer of a good round sum to harness up a pair of his four-year-olds to his cutter, and was soon on my way back to the train. A lane that had escaped my notice led directly to the track, and we were then but a short distance from the cars. When my lady reached the platform and saw the huge drifts on each side of the road, she drew back, and I thought she was going to disappoint me. But she plucked up her courage again, and leaning on my arm—oh! well, no woman could make her way through such snow banks; and, to tell the truth, I carried her to the sleigh. Shocking? Of course it was, but then you know it didn't take place on Charles street, at 3 P. M. It was a long drive and a cold one, but we arrived at the junction in time to read what was left of the train, and I enforced with an extra locomotive and a snow plough and which was certain, they said, to get through in spite of the storm. You may imagine that by this time I had become pretty well acquainted with my lady, and so I had, but the acquaintance only exasperated me. The sound of her voice—it was, as I have said, peculiarly sweet—affected me strangely. It recalled a voice that I shall never hear again; and I thought of that secret drawer in my writing-desk, with its faded rose leaves and colorless violets and a girl's face in a locket. What nonsense! The world is full of strange resemblances, and there is nothing so unique but has its counterpart. And yet—and yet—she showed no disposition to raise her veil and excuse herself, indeed, by saying that she was a great sufferer from neuralgia, and had to be extra precautious when travelling. Had she ever lived in Baltimore?—for my curiosity got the better of me, in spite of my sober judgment. Oh, yes; she said Baltimore had once been her home—a long while ago. No doubt great changes had taken place since then. She heard rarely from there now. I ran over some well-known names. Yes, she had known them all once—a long while ago. She had spent many a happy day in Mount Vernon Place. And the monument—she supposed that, at any rate, was unchanged! She wouldn't like to have to climb that hill now-a-days—and she gave a merry little laugh. Was she really old, or was that only a pretence? I was burning to ask her a question that had been on my lips for some minutes, but my tongue faltered. I wished to ask her if she had known—of course, she must have known—a person who had been very dear to me once. I led her to speak of the friends of her youth. She described them to me, and so cleverly that I recognized the portraits before she named the originals. But the portrait in the little locket in my writing-desk was not among them. Finally, tormented with doubt, I mentioned her name. Had she known her? Yes—but she spoke with reluctance—very well. She had suddenly disappeared, she understood, and—that was all. No, I said, that was not all, she—I could not go on. There was a moment of silence, and then this mysterious one, who had known the dearest friends of my youth, but whose identity I could not even guess, said with the faintest tremor in her voice: "I have since heard that she is dead."

I am a confirmed old bachelor, and hate sentiment and tears and all that, but, confound it, I felt like crying. Of course, she had been dead these many years to me, and it makes no difference whatever whether she is really dead now or not. I didn't die of a broken heart, and, what's more, I'm not going to. If she had truly loved me, she would never— It was only a yawn, I assure you. The tears always come into my eyes when I yawn. It must be getting late. Why, it's nearly eleven o'clock. "Madame, I beg your pardon. I hope I haven't abused your kindness. No? Well, good night, then; I'll look after you in the morning." In the morning we were in Chicago. At her request I gave her my address, and having put her on a street car—she refused to let me call a carriage—started down town to lay in a liberal stock of candies and toys for my nephews and nieces. Pshaw! why wasn't I bold enough to ask her address? But, never mind; she'll have to give it, of course, when she repays the money I advanced her.

PART III.

GONE.

My sister has a charming house on Prairie avenue, which is one of the most fashionable streets in Chicago, with a grade of nearly half an inch to the mile. My brother-in-law, Tom, is a Member of the Board of Trade, and sells wheat, or is sold himself, according as things turn out. Like all Western men, he's made up of enterprise and brag in equal parts; but he's a downright good fellow, and makes Belle a capital husband. He has heard of Baltimore, for he once shipped a few car loads of grain to that port; but he tells me, confidentially, that he doesn't think Philadelphia will ever be much of a town. As for St. Louis, he assures me that the city directory is nothing but a guide to the cemeteries; while Cincinnati, since the loss of her pork packing trade, has taken to music, and is playing second fiddle to Chicago. I mention these opinions of Tom's merely to show that he is a man of liberal views, and perfectly impartial in his criticism of the outside world. When I dropped into his office on Washington street, the day before Christmas, he jumped up from his desk in his quick, impetuous way, seized my hand with a grip like a clothes-wringer, and shouted: "Jack, old boy, hang me if I ain't glad to see you! Thought you wasn't coming! Had other engagements, had you! Wasn't feeling well enough to undertake the journey, eh? You sly dog! Belle got your letters, but she said it was only your way of doing things. She was certain you'd turn up here before Christmas, and I dare say she's toasting a pair of slippers for you at this very moment. Now Jack, own up; you intended to come, all the time." Tom is an entire debating club in himself, and you might as well try to argue a point with a compass; and so I declined to make any defence, and committed myself to his keeping without a word. It took me to lunch with him, forced me to drink a glass of eggnogg—a compound which, in Chicago, is pretty much all nogg and no egg—introduced me to all the distinguished operators between boards and after 'Change hustled me off to procure a Christmas tree which Belle had commissioned him to buy, and make a circuit of the toy and candy shops. So it came about that when at last he announced his intention of going home, we found it necessary to engage a hack to transport our numerous parcels. My sister was at the door when we drove up, and as soon as I came within range threw herself into my arms in the most affectionate manner, while her brood of youngsters pulled at my coat-tails, twined themselves about my legs, explored my pockets and were on the point of scaling my back—with a view, no doubt, to riding into the house on my shoulders—when Tom came to my rescue and compelled the enemy to divide his forces. It was a merry household, and whether from the effects of the egg-nogg or romping with the children, I began to feel in high spirits. Tom has a penchant for grate-fires, and there was such a rousing good one in the library where we were holding the family reunion that its ruddy blaze lighted up the whole interior; and, as Belle said, made gas an "elegant superfluity." At the first pause in the conversation I turned to Belle and said, emboldened, as I have suggested, by this bad egg nogg: "By the way, who is the young lady I was to fall head over heels in love with? Produce your charmer! I would fain pay my respects to her."

"Why, Jack, how forgetful I am! But I thought you were a confirmed old bachelor and a regular woman-hater, eh, Jack? I am almost afraid to let such a savage fellow as you are have a glimpse of my lady. You might devour her alive, sir. Shall I risk it, Tom?"

My sister is a mischievous little body, and I could see that Tom was enjoying the scene immensely. Said he: "Of course, Belle, you will do as you think best. Jack is a very savage fellow, as you say, and a perfect terror to the ladies. He has been telling me of a little adventure of his on the train, which shows that he is beyond all question a desperate villain. He actually had the impudence to abduct a lady passenger from the car, drive off with her in a sleigh to the next station, and bring her to Chicago, under strict surveillance, by the night express. He pretends that he did this out of the kindness of his heart, and that when he reached the city he put her on a street car and sent her to her friends; but, of course, I know how much of that to believe. I have asked him to give me the lady's address, but he swears he doesn't know it, and it's my opinion he's murdered her and is afraid of being found out."

"Horrible!" said my sister, nearly choking with laughter. "Do you think you would know her again, monster, if you saw her?"

Before I had time to reply the door opened, there was a rustling of silk in the passage, and some one asked in a timid, hesitating way, "may I come in?"

"Now, I have often thought, as I brooded over my own grate fire of a dark winter's evening, what I would say if, looking suddenly around, I should see the ghost of my youth standing beside me, pointing to my solitary fireside and the embers of hopes that never were to be fulfilled. And I have felt sometimes in my loneliness that I would bid my strange guest be seated, and as the ashes whitened on the hearth, tell how like them the desires of my youth were past rekindling, and I could look the future in the face, without reluctance and almost without regret. But it was a brighter and happier vision that rose before me now.

"Can you come in? Of course you can, my dear," said Belle, and she rose from her seat, and, taking a certain person by the hand, led her out of the shadow into the full radiance of the fire-light. "Jack," said she, "you don't deserve a Christmas present, but—do you know this lady? Don't be afraid, my dear, he's not such a monster, after all!"

The Princess!

You could have knocked me over with a feather.

What did I do? What's that to you? Would you mortify an old bachelor by having him confess that he made a fool of himself? Besides, it was Christmas Eve, and she was standing directly under the mistletoe. You can follow the example of my esteemed sister and brother-in-law, who went off to look after the Christmas tree and left us alone.

"It is a long while ago, John."
"A long while, Laura."
"And I have grown old, John."
"But my hair is turning gray, Laura."
"It was my fault. I was a proud, sensitive girl."
"But I loved you all the more for it."
"My father died five years ago."
"And you didn't let me know."
"I heard you were married."
"And I, only yesterday that you were dead."
"Oh, John, and you didn't know me!"
"How? When? What do you mean?"
"Do you make a practice, sir, of rescuing ladies from snow-drifts?"
"Snow-drifts! You're not—you can't be—"
"But I am, John, and here's the address you gave me this morning."

Yes, it was perfectly true. She had known me from the first, and had no doubt been vastly amused by my evident curiosity to find out all about her. But I forgave her. Although I am a confirmed old bachelor, I can be magnanimous when I choose. But, surely, I am not the only one! Why, I should dearly like to accept a position as your house-keeper and governess to your little girl, if propriety allow my holding such a place, and will ask in return only shelter and an almost nominal salary that will supply me moderate needs of my wardrobe. Should this be impracticable I will, at all events, be pleased to make your acqu intance, and will promise you respect, if possible, affection. I am the only child of a physician who had, in Philadelphia, a good practice and social position, and, as my mother was not living, I kept house for him until he died, eighteen months ago. Since then mine has been a sad life. The little property which he left me has all been lost, through my ignorance and the rashness, it may be knavery, of those in whom I confided, and I am now absolutely penniless and almost desperate. Circumstances have thrown me among strangers, and heaven knows what I am to do. I am thirty-two years old, am fairly well educated, can play books go, and am tolerably proficient in music, singing and drawing; but literary and semi accomplished knowledge appears to have very little value here. With the useful arts I have a theoretical but scarcely any practical acquaintance, and cannot, therefore, compete with the thousands in this city who barely support themselves by manual labor. As to my personal appearance, disposition and character, rather than be my own critic, I leave you to judge from what you may see and hear of me.

Trusting that you are an honest man, and that, if you pay it no other attention, you will at least destroy this letter and remember it only as a thing to be forgotten, I give you my real name and address.

Yours respectfully,

Careful inquiry proved this to be a case of actual and undeserved hardships, so we returned the letter to Miss ——, inclosing with it fifty dollars and the advice that she should not again test the mysteries of the personal column; and six weeks later, through political influence, Will obtained a position for her in the public schools, and I believe she now holds a better place in the same department.

While glancing over the second batch of letters, Will suddenly cried out:

"By George! here's a prize, and a jolly one, too, after this alternate of slush and sorrow; just listen to it, will you, and bear in mind it's my booty, as I made the find."

He then read as follows:

MILWAUKEE, Wis., 18—

MR. EDWARD CLARKE.????—I believe you're a real humbug, Ned, and that you're not Ned at all, nor a widower, nor anything else stated in that personal. After carefully studying your little romance, I have made up my mind that you are one of two evils; either a designing wretch of a man who wishes to laugh at and expose the follies of silly womanhood, or else, and that's a great deal worse, a young girl having many who would tickle her gossipy palate with the discovered weaknesses of her own sex. If you are the latter, I despise you, for I can't get any fun out of a fiendish trick played by you; and if the former, I'll excuse your enormities if you'll only make yourself amusing. What you are time may discover; what I am you shall now hear. In the first place,—you men always take that into consideration,—I decided long ago, and better looking than the average woman, at least, so my friends and my glass tell me. I am in my nineteenth year; to be exact, was eighteen last January, and am not the least bit sentimental, but full of mischief as any poor cooped-up girl you ever saw. Now isn't it a shame?—I'm not out of boarding-school yet—and that's the reason you can't be decided how to answer my letter, and better looking than the average woman, at least, so my friends and my glass tell me. I am in my nineteenth year; to be exact, was eighteen last January, and am not the least bit sentimental, but full of mischief as any poor cooped-up girl you ever saw. Now isn't it a shame?—I'm not out of boarding-school yet—and that's the reason you can't be decided how to answer my letter, is it strange that an inexperienced child fell into your snare? Now sir, my business is to find who you are for the purpose of getting satisfaction; and if I can't get it in one way, why I will in another, and I'll get it in another. I write this that you may feel uncomfortable while I am looking for you, as you certainly will when I have found you.

ONE WHOM YOU WILL KNOW.

"Phew! This is a nice scrape. What are you going to do about it, Will?"

"What can I do about it except await developments? Frankly wish it would turn out to be a blackmailing scheme; for then, although I would perhaps feel more like a fool, there'd be less of the knave in it."

"I wouldn't worry about it any more than I could help, old fellow," said I, "for this may be only a first explosion on the part of the brother, which will amount to nothing. It sounds to me like a genuine letter; there's the true ring of indignation in it, and therefore there is the less to be feared. If the parties meant blackmailing it would pay them to employ detectives, but if it is a true bill, why, family pride ought to act as a check upon publicity."

After thinking a bit, Fowler said:

"I'm going to write to him and explain that no harm was intended, and that I am extremely sorry if any harm has come of it. That's the way I feel, and it will do no hurt to send the letter, you know."

"How will it reach him?"

"Humm-m-m, didn't think of that. Yes! I'll send it to her address and write 'for her brother' on it."

The letter was forwarded that evening, and a cleverer bit of composition I have rarely seen. The writer expressed regret for what had happened, and apologized for his share in it; at the same time he delicately insinuated that it would be mortifying to expose a family secret, especially when no benefit could possibly accrue to any member or members of the family most interested. Five or six days later came the following reply:

SIR: Bother your regrets and a fig for your apologies. Those matters should have been thought of earlier in your correspondence with my family. I also decline your advice as to what are the best interests of that family, considering myself fully competent to judge upon that question. My detective thinks he has spotted you, and if you are the man he points out, you are a worse scoundrel than even I had given you credit for being. It is possible that you have a wife and children, that you are a man of respectable position in the community, and yet that, merely for the sake of a laugh, you can trifle with the innocent affection of a child, who knows nothing of the world? You will hear again soon from ONE WHOM YOU WILL KNOW.

"What the deuce shall I do?" asked Will, after I had read this cheerful effusion. "Had I better leave town for a while until it has blown over, if there is going to be a scandal?"

"Certainly not. [illegible] no clear proof that he has found you; and even if he has, what can you gain by leaving? The best